THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821
THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 74. PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT No. 726 SANSOM ST. Philadelphia, Saturday, April 20, 1895. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 42

HIDDEN TREASURES.

BY H. H. L.

Come, look at these dear souvenirs,
So full of promises to me;
For their sweet sakes I clasp in love
The hands of all humanity.

'Tis but a lock of women's hair
That moves my foolish heart so much;
And only faded, scentless flowers
My lips so reverently touch.

And can you wonder that the eyes
Of men who never wept before,
Flow fast with tears which consecrate
A lock of hair or faded flower?

Thus many turn with cynic sneer,
From the world's seductive pleasures,
To weep in bitter solitude
O'er such sweet and hidden treasures.

So, friend of mine! receive this truth;
That human hearts are mysteries;
And flowers press'd, and locks of hair,
Have each their tender histories.

Was She Avenged?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S POWER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

AMONG other things appertaining to civilization, Lognor boasted of a printing office, from whence there was issued every morning, during the season, a visitors' list, containing a true account of the arrivals and departures on the inside, and on the outside the advertisements of the leading tradesmen.

Every lodging-house keeper subscribed to it and duly charged it in the lodger's bill. Mrs. Lawson, therefore, in the usual way, came across it on the breakfast table on the morning after Tom Mowbray's departure, and found therein two things that surprised her. First she came across Tom's name among the departed.

"Mr. Mowbray gone!" she exclaimed. "Vida, dear, do you know anything of this?"

"I feared he would go," Vida replied. "But he made no definite statement about doing so."

"Have you quarreled?"

"No."

"What then—has he proposed to you?"

"Yes; and what could I say but no—not loving him?"

"Perhaps you had not thought over the matter," said Mrs. Lawson, anxiously. "He was a very desirable man in many respects. He would have made you a good husband."

"Undoubtedly," said Vida, calmly.

"Then why not accept him?"

"Because, not loving him, I might not have made him a good wife."

Mrs. Lawson turned to the paper again, and having finished with the departures gave her attention to the arrivals. An exclamation of surprise attracted Vida's attention, which had wandered away after somebody not then in Lognor.

"My dear Vida," said Mrs. Lawson, answering her look, "I think we had better leave Lognor, too."

"What imperative reason is there for our departure?"

Mrs. Lawson turned down the paper and passed it on. "Read the arrival list," she said. Vida glanced down it, and speedily came to the name of—

"Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Wavenham."

"Is this the only reason?" asked Vida, calmly.

"The only one," replied Mrs. Lawson; "is it not enough?"

"Not for me," rejoined Vida, disdainfully. "What wrong have I done, or what have I to fear? But if you object to them, of course we will go."

"I do not object, Vida; it was you I was thinking of."

So they decided to remain, and that afternoon they met Nicola walking upon the Parade—alone. She started, and colored slightly, as she recognized Vida, but drew herself up with some appearance of disdain, and passed on. A little further down they met Adrian, leaning moodily over the back of an empty seat, smoking a cigar. His face turned scarlet as his eyes met those of Vida, but they passed each other as strangers.

"A silent day of honeymoon and a long night of misery," said Mrs. Lawson. "My dear Vida, you are amply avenged."

"I have never desired revenge," Vida answered.

"Perhaps not, but the sin was theirs, and they have paid the penalty of it. What a horrible fate for both! Only death or dishonor can sever them."

The "wretched pair" when they sat down to dinner that night had something to say about the meeting on the Parade. Adrian was the first to refer to it.

"Did you see Mrs. Lawson?" he said.

"You mean Miss Lawson—Vida?" said Nicola.

"I meant what I said," was the fierce rejoinder. "Why should I attempt any subterfuge with you. I asked you if you saw Mrs. Lawson?"

"I did."

"Well, meeting her here is unexpected, and, I may say, unpleasant. We may, therefore, not prolong our stay."

"If you are afraid of them," she sneered, "of course you will run away."

"You will please not to put cowardly interpretations upon my conduct."

"It is so difficult to find any other interpretations for some of them."

He stared at her fiercely, then suddenly finished his soup, and the attendant appeared with the fish. As the man then remained until dessert, a curb had to be put upon their tongues. In due time they broke forth again.

"Perhaps it is your desire, madam, to stay here?" he said.

"It is," she replied.

"Simply because I have expressed my intention of going?"

"Precisely."

"So be it, madam; you shall stay, and I will come and go as the fancy takes me. As it will be uncertain where I shall stay, all correspondence between us will be unnecessary; but you will please to see that my room is always ready."

"I will name your wishes to the people here," she said, coldly.

"Then to-morrow I leave, and you may expect me back again when—I feel inclined to come."

"Meanwhile, I will keep a diary of my movements, to save you the expense of a hired spy."

He first turned red and then deathly white, but he made no response to this homethrust. After she had left the room he sat gloomily drinking for an hour or more. Nicola passed the time in the balcony outside, gazing upon the moonlit sea—and thinking.

People of their standing were sure of being called upon, and many visitors came to pay their respects to the bride and bridegroom. That something was wrong all the women and half the men perceived at once; but what it was nobody could exactly make out.

"A handsome pair," said Billy Brownlow, the Bishop's son, a youth of strong horsey bearings; "and very good for single harness, but don't go well together."

Still it was no affair of society's, and society thereupon gave to them the customary homage, which is a few days had to be extended to Nicola alone—for Adrian, after threatening every night to leave, did at last tear himself away "on urgent private affairs," leaving a young and handsome wife unprotected.

In any other place this levanting would have given rise to much scandal, but the people of Lognor felt that she had been left in perfectly safe hands, and contented themselves with pitying her. Lognor had long been far from any of those unpleasant affairs that end in elopement and the Court of Divorce. The last affair had happened ten years before, when the wife of a major with a lot of money in her own right had flown away with the curate of Calstor, who was of such low-church proclivities that his complete dissent from the church was a foregone conclusion.

This affair had almost been forgotten, but it was revived with the coming of Mrs. Adrian Waverham. Why, nobody could have said at first, but ere long it was decided that Nicola would elope with somebody before long. But the question was—who?

The married women began to look closely after their husbands, and mothers after their grown-up sons; but they might have spared themselves the trouble, for Nicola longed for none of them. The man, if there was to be one at all, appeared in Lognor when Mrs. Waverham had been there about a fortnight, and his name was Captain Dalton.

After his arrival he and Mrs. Waverham were seen daily in the grounds, and, though the talk gathered fast, there was no reason for shunning them openly just yet, and smiles and bows were exchanged. Vida and Mrs. Lawson alone held aloof from them, and Adrian did not re appear.

One morning Vida sat alone upon the beach, much as she had on that morning when impetuous Tom Mowbray shot his arrow and failed to hit the mark. She was reading, too, but Mrs. Lawson was not out shopping, she was at home writing letters.

A shadow crossed the page Vida was reading. As she looked up Nicola was standing within a few paces, looking down upon her with a strange softness in her face.

"I want to speak to you," she said; "may I sit down by your side?"

"If you will," replied Vida, surprised; "and if the subject you wish to speak about is not an unpleasant one."

"Not unpleasant to you," Nicola said, as she sat down, her dress of soft cashmere falling in graceful folds about her; "or, at least, not offensive. I want to ask your pardon for having hated you like the unreasonable wretch I am."

"But why did you hate me?"

"How can I tell? Because it is my nature to hate, I suppose. I hate all things now, and none more than myself. I only wish to point out that I have done you a kindly thing in marrying the man who calls himself my husband."

"I do not regret it," said Vida.

"I am glad you do not," replied Nicola; "he is a man of no stability of character, and would never have made any woman happy long. But I was not what I ought to have been to him, and he is repaying me bitterly. Last night he unexpectedly returned late, and, as usual, we had words. Then, for the first time, he descended to blows."

"Blows!" exclaimed Vida, horror-stricken.

"Yes, Vida—I may call you Vida, I hope—thank you, my dear. See here;" she drew up her sleeve and showed a large bruise on the arm just below the elbow; "one of three, the other two are here," touching her heart. "Now, let him have what provocation he may apart from blows, from me, which he never had, what manner of man is it who would descend to such work as this?"

"It is dreadful," said Vida.

"I am a wretched woman," pursued Nicola, "and have never known what it was to have a sister. Had I possessed such a one as you, I might have been a better woman than I am this day. Up to last night I hated you—foolishly and unreasonably hated you; then a sudden revulsion came, and I longed for your love."

Vida took her hand and gently pressed it; but there was as yet no response.

"The love that would have been of service to me I cannot now have," Nicola continued; "that is impossible. Do not ask me why. I can only tell you that it can never be. You will see why anon. But I want you in the future to love me as much as you can—to think of me at my best, which is at this moment, and to pity me. You will not be taxed by my presence, as we may never meet again."

"You are going away?"

"My husband is already gone, and I leave this afternoon."

"But you say we shall not meet again. Why do you think so?"

"Because the way of our lives," replied Nicola, with a weary, hopeless look in her eyes, "will henceforth be apart. The road I shall take, no friend, and you least of all, would care to follow. Oh! Vida, Vida, if I had but known you years ago."

"Why not seek to know me better now?" Vida asked. "Why should there be this hopeless separation? I am truly sorry for you, and would do all in my power to help you."

"No; no," Nicola answered, with a quick despairing motion of the hands; "I cannot tell you why, but it is so. I have learnt to love you suddenly; have gained your love or interest in return."

"Say love."

"Love be it then; but I cannot enjoy it except in such a measure of sweetness as memory will give. Good-bye, dear; and I trust you will gain the love of a good man who will make you happy; and when you sit by your own fireside a loved and honored woman——"

She paused and bowed her head, putting a hand upon her heart to still its tumultuous throbbings. The emotion was terrible, but transient. In a few moments she had it under complete control.

"When by your own fireside," she continued, "a loved and honored woman, think of me, and be thankful in your heart that your young life was not passed among men and women without hearts, or your young affection sown in barren soil."

"I had some affection once," said Vida, with a sad smile, "and it bore nothing."

"You are thinking of that man my husband," said Nicola, "who, at the beck of a finger, could turn from you to me. It was not love but vanity that he obeyed. He would have made your life miserable—forgive him. Good-bye! good-bye."

Their hands had met with a warm clasp, and with sudden impulse she stooped down and put her lips to Vida's cheeks. Then she dropped her veil and hurried away.

Vida walked home slowly, puzzling over this strange interview, and with an inexpressible sorrow for the unhappy woman who had an ill training to thank for the error which had marred her heart and finally embittered her young life. That something beyond what was apparent lay beneath her emotions, Vida was sure; but what it was, her own life was too pure and

guileless to help her to a solution of the mystery.

But the "answer" soon came. On the morrow it was known that Mrs. Adrian Waverham had left Lognor, not to join her husband, but in the company of Captain Dalton, with whom she had fled to the Continent. Then there was a temporary uproar.

Lognor was scandalized, but on the whole not ill satisfied, for it had prophesied such a fate for the handsome discontented woman. Two hearts alone sincerely grieved for her, and those hearts were in the bosoms of Mrs. Lawson and Vida.

CHAPTER XII.

THE minor canon who had been indisposed being favored by a restoration to health at the end of a week, came back to his post of duty, and Cecil Crawshaw was now more free to go whither he would for a time. His heart naturally turned towards Lognor, but he resolved to give himself twenty-four hours for deliberation as to the advisability of returning thither—in short, he decided to sleep upon it.

Such sleep as he got that night did not help him. He arose in the morning with his inclination pulling one way and his prudence the other. "Go and take your chance of winning her," inclination said; "you have given your rival a whole week to himself." Prudence replied, "And he is not the man to let the grass grow under his feet. Why reopen a wound that has just begun to close? The contemplation of their happiness can only be misery to you."

So powerful was the voice of prudence that he eventually decided to go to London for a time, and went to the station with that object; but then he made one of those mistakes which a man whose mind is in one place, when he wishes to go to another, might be expected to make.

"Second class single to Lognor," he said to the booking clerk.

The man thrust the ticket into the machine, dated it and passed it through the window.

"This is not for London," said Cecil, looking at it.

"You asked for Lognor, sir," replied the man.

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure, sir."

"I suppose I had better go," he sighed; "things seem to conspire to lead me there. Thank you. I think, then, I will go to Lognor."

The clerk stared at him, as well he might, for people seldom changed their minds to rectify a mistake about a ticket; and being a man of considerable bibulous leanings, he decided that the minor canon had taken his morning glass of sherry very early, with a second, perhaps, to keep it company.

So Cecil Crawshaw took the train for Lognor, traveled by the main line as far as the junction, and then trusted his young life and bones to the mercies of the conveyance sarcastically called the "Lognor Flying Dutchman."

After the usual amount of rattling, bumping, creaking and groaning he found himself at the station, the only passenger bound for Lognor, with the exception of a sanguine commercial traveler who having a day to spare, had run to Lognor on the chance of getting a "line" from some unwary tradesman.

Cecil, on stepping into the street, saw that the desolation of the off season had set in; already the windows were thick with tickets proclaiming apartments to let, and there was much gossiping over garden walls going on. No policemen were to be seen, and the fishermen, instead of being on the beach, had congregated around an up-town public-house.

As he drew near the Parade, he saw that loungers were few, and principally old people who sat almost sleepily on the seats, or were dragged about in bath-chairs by men almost as decrepit as themselves.

Cecil's keen eyesight ranged from end to end, and he saw that Vida was not there.

"Gone, perhaps," he muttered, "to town, it may be, with Mowbray; and by this time he has lavished upon her some princely gift, dearer to woman than love—no, not dearer to her, for I must think she is honest. If she has left, I have done right in coming here."

The right might be, but it did not appear to make him very happy. His face, as he looked about the almost deserted Lognor was intensely lugubrious, and the sigh that heaved his breast must have had its birthplace in sorrow.

Instinctively he bent his steps towards the apartments occupied by the Lawsons, and as he drew near his heart beat fast, for there was no ticket in any window of the house. After all, Vida might still be there.

With assumed boldness he went to the door, and knocked with a trembling hand. It was very early to make a call, but clergymen are privileged beings and not given to neglect taking advantage of their privileges. The servant who answered said that Miss Lawson was in, but Mrs. Lawson was out.

"I think I will see Miss Lawson," Cecil said, with as casual an air as he could summon.

It did not deceive Phœbe, who smiled in quiet derision, and ushered him upstairs. She, poor girl, had once been deceived by a gushing militiaman, and had little faith in man.

Vida was seated by the window, and rose with a glad smile to meet him. The window she sat by commanded a view of the street, and yet she had not seen him him approaching. This was all the more strange as she was thinking of him.

"How do you do, Mr. Crawshaw? This is an unexpected pleasure," she said.

"An unexpected one to me," he replied; "for I did not expect to be so soon released from duty."

"Have you been back to the cathedral?" exclaimed Vida, in surprise.

"I explained it in my letter," he answered, with a reproachful look.

"We received no letter."

"Not the one I left with Mrs. Pancon?"

"Indeed, no."

"How careless of the woman," said Cecil, testily, "and I was so careful to impress upon her the necessity of delivering it."

"We thought you left us abruptly," said Vida, hesitating; "and wondered if we had offended you."

"But surely Mowbray would have known better than to give me credit for leaving you so?" said Cecil, "he has had ample opportunity to—"

"Mr. Mowbray left Lognor shortly after you did," said Vida; and then there was a silence.

Cecil thought he understood why Tom Mowbray had gone away, and a hope he had not hitherto dared to entertain sprang up in his breast. Love is quick to perceive what lies ahead, and in Vida's manner he saw something he had never seen before. Did she love him? Could it be possible that he had hitherto been blind and doubted when he should have believed and trusted?

"I have not found things here as I expected," he said, breaking silence, with a touch of tremulousness in his voice; "indeed, I came here almost against my will. But I hope I see in our being thus brought together the invisible hand of some guardian power in influencing our happiness. Miss Lawson—Vida,—dearer to me than life itself—have you not known that I love you?"

He had drawn to her side and taken her hands, and the latter words were almost whispered in her ears. Her eyes fell, and a rosy flush spread over her face, but she had not a word to say.

What answer could she give either then or when he asked her if she loved him, or would try to love him in return? Silence is the affirmative of a maiden, and he was satisfied. When he drew her to his breast, and held her tightly there with his strong arms, she felt that she had found a true heart at last.

* * * * * *

When Mrs. Lawson appeared she found them seated side by side, too much absorbed in themselves to heed her footsteps. Ere they were aware of her presence, she had seen enough to satisfy her, and when Cecil Crawshaw, brought back to a knowledge of mundane matters, sprang up to greet her, she gave him her hand with a smile.

"It is as I wished," she said; "you will be good to her, I know. My mind is now at rest. Don't make any promises, there is no need; but like a good boy, go to the livery stables and order a carriage. We will drive to Sisbury, and have luncheon there."

Lognor, or as much as was left of it, was on this occasion taken by surprise. The absence of the minor canon had shut him out as a possible lover of Vida's, and the announcement of the engagement was equivalent to a galvanic shock to the aged visitors remaining. As soon as they recovered they called with their congratulations, and the tidings being quickly conveyed to the cathedral town, there was much commotion within its old gray walls. Many mothers there felt it hard indeed that their pet minor canon should be snared by a stranger. But so was, and he was so well within the net that escape was hopeless. He certainly made no attempt to free himself, and seemed to find his captivity particularly exhilarating. In three months they were married, and at the end of another month they took up their residence in the close, where we must leave them to the happy life they entered upon under the shadow of the old cathedral towers.

Of Adrian Waverham nothing was heard beyond that he wandered from place to place and usually mixed with the fast sets, and is known to be an unhappy man. He was divorced from his wife; not by the usual course, however, for ere the legal proceedings could be carried out there came tidings from the Continent to say that she was dead. The doctor said it was a "pulmonary affection" that carried her off, but, notwithstanding what cynics say, grief and remorse will sometimes kill, and the unhappy, misguided Nicola died of a broken heart.

Tom Mowbray is still traveling, it is believed, but news from him seldom comes to hand, and it is whispered that he will never see England again. He is busying himself in opening up new lands to civilization, and in that pursuit finds the balm he needs for his mind. Of such material as strong honest Tom are the advance guards of the new world made.

[THE END.]

Four Wise Virgins.

BY S. J. A.

ONCE upon a time there were four pretty damsels, who were all in all to each other. They first met at school when their frocks had arrived at that stage when the constant taking out of flounces and tucks was deemed necessary in order to compete with the rapidity with which their thin legs grew. They were dreadfully shy girls, yet each had conceived their ideal Prince and future lover.

They described him to each other and vowed, when they found him, that they would love him till death, with an exceeding great love, for alas, poor maidens, they had very few upon whom to bestow their affections.

They were attracted to each other by a curious combination of circumstances, only to be met with in real life and fairy tales. They were orphans without a mother or a father amongst them, only four guardians whom they had never seen, and one solicitor who looked after all of them. This was the first tie. Although they were not in any way related, the solicitor acted for each guardian and each child.

Then they were each to receive fifty pounds a year directly they left school, until they were married. This was a coincidence that they ascribed to Fate; but a more remarkable fact was that their Christian names each began with the letter J. This was quite extraordinary, and when the knowledge first dawned upon them, they at once bound themselves together by the most solemn vows that they would always be friends and live together when they grew up, and perhaps never marry after all.

But they still cherished the vision of the handsome Princes who were only waiting for the time when they should wear long frocks, to throw themselves at their feet. They had not read Hans Christian Andersen uselessly.

So Julia, Judith, Jessie and Janet vowed eternal friendship, and dreamt dreams such as all pretty girls dream. And as they grew up into sweet maidenhood their tastes became similar, and they were quite content and happy.

Julia was inclined to be serious, Judith imperious, Jessie bright and flighty, and Janet reflective and more quietly affectionate than the others.

In due course they went to Girton, and attended lectures and studied Logic. It was while they were wrestling with the mysteries of Natural Logic that they first heard about the Emancipation of Woman—not that there was any connection between the two subjects, but it so happened that some unlucky Professor observed that man was a reasoning animal and woman an instinctive—well, not animal, of course, but angel. This made the four girls think quite seriously until their heads ached.

Then as they began to see that they were deprived of certain unknown quantities, designated Privileges and Freedom, which were entirely usurped by Man the Tyrant, they cast the Princes of their childhood's simplicity from their breasts, and determined to be logical at all costs. And now, under the influence of this newly-imported fad—the previous one had been green frocks and coffee-colored lace—this Emancipation of Sex Creed an odd change began to assert itself over the four Jays, as they were called.

Like the majority of the girls at the college, they would have to fight their own way through life, they would have to earn their own living; therefore Life was a serious matter. Intellect must sway them, and they must free themselves from Conventionality and Shackles of all kinds. They soon learnt from the current ladies' literature of the day that Man was their most determined enemy, and consequently Emancipation must be their battle-cry.

Nobody seemed to know from what they were to be emancipated, but Emancipation, like Mesopotamia, was a blessed word, and they clung to it. The four girls were somewhat startled and frightened at first at this new order of things. It was all so different from what they had expected, and a fearful inward struggle began to take place. It took the form of a contest between instinct and reason; the former, according to the latest philosophy, was all wrong, and the latter was all right.

Instinct suggested that Love was a very nice and comfortable thing to give and receive, while Reason, backed up by logical deductions, declared it was hollow, fruitless, and only fit for babes, sucklings, and shop girls. So they fought and subdued their instincts and entered into an arrangement with Natural Logic, though it did not seem a very reasonable arrangement. For instance they all seemed to have half-suppressed their womanly instinct, and to have only half-implanted Logic in its place. This state of affairs caused considerable confusion at times.

In due course they left college and took up their abode in the metropolis, determined to probe open the oyster, which, on the authority of Shakespeare, is the world, and to draw as much sustenance and kudos therefrom as possible. They took an inexpensive flat in a central part of the town, and hired a supercilious domestic—the best they could obtain—as most of the girls now-a-days either become shop-, proud lady helps, or drift on to minor music halls, to end goodness where. A boy, they said, would be best, because they could manage him, but for obvious reasons a boy would be unsuitable and a nuisance.

"What a pity some nice boys could not be born girls!" said the frivolous Jessie. "They do obey you, whereas the female domestic—more often than not—won't. She knows she's a rarity—she will soon be an anomaly—and acts accordingly."

However, they got on fairly well with their Ermentrude Smerks, and were gratefully quiescent. Their rooms were tastefully furnished, and the outlook over the gardens of the old soldiers was pleasant and invigorating.

All they had to do now was, to find suitable occupations to add to their incomes, in order to render themselves entirely independent. They all had one interest so much at heart that they rarely disagreed, though of course they differed on points; but they never quarreled.

Julia the serious was bent upon Art and Ambition; she would be a painter, or at least a sketcher. Judith the imperious would go in for Women's Rights and Lectures; Jessie the bright and easy thought she would be a Journalist, while Janet the quiet said she would be the housekeeper, and fill up her time by trying to write a Novel.

They were all quite in concert, and mapped out their programme of operations with much discretion and fulness of detail.

There was one important subject, moreover, about which there was no dissentient voice: Marriage—that was taboo. They acknowledged that they would have to meet men occasionally, who of course would all be "horrid," but in the pursuit of the business of this life, so many unpleasant things would crop up and have to be borne.

There was no cure for that, so it must be endured. Like many other young people, of both sexes, they imagined that the world was really waiting for them to put it right; they were convinced that there were many institutions that they could set in order, and that affairs generally had been going along in a slip-shod manner quite long enough, but they would soon put quite a new complexion upon many aspects of how things should be done.

Of their own inexperience they were lamentably ignorant, and not knowing it,

their ignoring of certain formalities and patent facts was delightfully refreshing to those with whom they came in contact. They had a number of surprises and rebuffs, though being girls, they were spared many of the latter that fall to the share of the struggling male. Which is as it should be.

Editors, though a hard-hearted, callous and cold set, were not so very wicked, and sometimes would listen to their own explanations of their own capabilities, if they only had, in the end, to dismiss them without giving them any work to do.

Letters innumerable were written by these resolute young maidens, asking for a "trial"; offices were invaded, and sub-editors and editors were interviewed without much benefit accruing to either party. What astonished them tremendously was, that all the editors were men, of ladies' as well as general, papers and magazines, with here and there an editress, an assistant, more or less!

"It was a conspiracy to keep the superior sex down," said Judith, and she wrote a lecture on the subject. Judith was the only one who got any real encouragement, after three months of heart-ache and weary waiting.

She could speak well, and was growing into demand, only up to the present, there were no emoluments—nothing but glory for her efforts in the good cause of Emancipation. "Work," they cried bitterly, "is what we want, and no one will employ us."

"Are there more workers than there is work to be done?" they wondered. Scarcely. There are always openings for workers, only they must be above the common run, and their work must be original, and to be candid, the four "Jays," at present, could only offer mediocrity as their standard.

However, all things come to those who strive, and in course of time, after enduring many bitter trials and disappointments, and having their work ruthlessly, brutally sometimes, criticized and hacked about by unsympathetic persons, who knew exactly what they wanted, and would take nothing else, they succeeded in placing several of their manuscripts and drawings—that is to say—Julia and Jessie did. For they were beginning to understand that when commencing professional life seriously, the first achievement necessary was, to unlearn most of the things they had learnt. Which all literary and artistic aspirants should bear in mind with judicious discrimination.

But it was all such fearfully up-hill work. The real article was so unlike the picture they had drawn, and the picture they had read about, of only having to write so many hours a day, in order to secure a princely salary such as they had been told some lady writers earned. Then the statements in the novels, as to the incomes of journalists and authors of stories, short and long, were indeed the purest fiction. Alas! it was a hollow world, full of slaves and slashings.

However, they had chosen of themselves, and must perforce go forward. Jessie owned to herself that journalism was simply one grind, while to her friends she admitted that it had its drawbacks. She was too volatile to settle long to such labor, and when she had written her essay, or article, on the fashions, or the latest novelties—which always had to be cut down—she was not in the humor to write a short story, the plot of which was in her brain. She forgot that journalists, lady or otherwise, have no time to get tired.

Judith wrote learned disquisitions, and lectured and studied up her subjects at the British Museum, and would have made a queen amongst journalists, for her energy knew no bounds, but she had chosen otherwise.

Julia gave up going to South Kensington, and devoted her time to fashion-plates and illustrations for stories, while Janet the lovable startled them all by turning out tender, homely pieces of verse and novelettes, which were more often accepted than rejected, notwithstanding that all the cares of the household fell upon her shoulders. She was always so quiet and unassuming that they expected little of her—and got much.

It was not a cheerful outlook for them. Without their fifty pounds a year each they would have gone to the wall—perhaps starved. Together they could live very well on their combined two hundred a year, but, apart, on fifty apiece they would have been reduced to desperate straits at time. Fifty pounds a year to a girl who has never had more than twenty-five, and always a comfortable home besides, seems a large sum, but in London town, cheap as living and clothing are, it is only a drop in the bucket. You have to dress well and neatly, and going about in search of work costs money, though you may walk on most occasions. For it is false, nay, ruinous policy, to go without food all day, or only to take a cup of tea and a biscuit when you ought to have a chop or a steak at least. It not only ruins your health for after years, but it brings on those vile headaches, makes you lethargic and miserable, and prevents you from doing your proper work. So where is the gain in saving a shilling and losing ten, for a short article, because the lack of nourishment at the right and natural moment prevents you, when the hour comes, from writing it?

These, our four virgins, were however, of the wise and not the foolish sort, so they buckled to and pegged away as hard as their inclinations or desires would permit them. They naturally met many excellent people in following their professional avocations, and soon came to know many famous folk in the world of Upper Bohemia—that most delightful land—and their old foolish prejudices against the monopolizing powers of men soon wore away.

There were openings for all, but they soon discovered that the top of the tree was only for the strong and ceaseless workers in all grades, and that the fight was to the valiant and the wise.

Some two years passed away and neither had made that mark they had dreamed about and talked over so often: moreover, the chances of real distinction seemed farther off than ever. They were not averse from having some of the "horrid males" call upon them, and quite a friendship sprang up between the editor of one paper and Julia, much to the latter's advantage, and between an art critic and Jessie.

Janet was always the willing, delightful Cinderella of the party, and made their visitors comfortable—not a difficult task in artistic circles where everyone is a host in himself. Judith once or twice dropped in upon these little occasional gatherings, but she was becoming too absorbed in Emancipation to care much for them. Once or twice she brought a feminine sort of male Member of Parliament who was to bring forth a grand "Equalization of the Sexes Bill," but he was tedious company and had Sex on the brain. So they did not care much for him, and Judith refrained from bringing him.

Somehow Judith was the only one who appeared to be breaking away from the little family of four, and the three other "Jays" felt it acutely. Judith too, who had always seemed so bitter against men and all their ways, was constantly with this feminine Mr. Flitchett, M. P., who was a bachelor.

Indeed, some months later she startled the three girls by suddenly saying that she was about to become Mrs. Flitchett, M. P. And she kept her word; and henceforth every sentence that Mr. Timothy Flitchett, M. P., uttered in the House of Commons emanated from Mrs. Timothy Flitchett, M. P.—but that concerns not this story.

The gathering in their cosy flat became quite a feature with the girls, and brought a gleam of sunshine into their lives. Change is essential for all, and when Mark Meredith and Luke Lamborn called, Julia and Jessie grew quite merry and thought what a pity it was that they had vowed not to marry, and what a pity it was that no one came to see Janet, who was certainly the sweetest-tempered girl in Christendom.

They were each able to add about two pounds a week to their incomes now, and life they declared was quite rosy—they never did aspire to a large income! Yet they had to work hard enough for the small one! It was really wonderful the unanimous way in which they agreed upon some topics.

Meredith and Lamborn were becoming such constant visitors to the sisters, that the gentle Janet grew alarmed. She called a council of war, and demanded of her two erring companions what it meant. And—foolish things—they hung down their heads and blushed!

"Confess," said Janet with a somewhat pained look.

"Well," began Julia, "you see Mark—"

"Mark!!!"

"Yes, that's his Christian name, you know," she answered innocently.

"Go on. This is terrible; what about your vow?"

"Please, Janet, I am afraid I have chipped a little piece off it!"

"You mean you've broken it. Have you been listening to words of love?" asked Janet, half seriously.

"Yes, Janet dear," burst out Jessie, "we both have, we have both broken our vow, and Luke says—oh, Janet dear, why don't you get married?"

"Did Luke say that?" said Janet coloring.

"No, Janet dear, and don't be cross, We could not help it. What is the good of a woman if she has no love in her soul, in her life? It is woman's prerogative to love and be loved!"

Much incoherent talk followed, and the three girls sat together and discussed the weddings of the two far into the night.

For their vows of celibacy were broken, shattered all to pieces, and Julia was married to Mark Meredith and Jessie to Luke Lamborn.

The two girls did not do such a vast quantity of work after their marriage, for other duties and ties came to engross their attention, and they were happier than they had ever dreamed it possible to be.

Judith was wedded to her member of parliament, and more or less dropped out of their lives, but Janet was their frequent guest, and in time fairy godmother.

Janet's big novel upon which she had been working so long, made quite a sensation, and she continued to write works of fiction with varying success, but she never married. She, the best of the four, the sweetest-tempered and the most lovable, did not marry. Ah me! how blind most men are!

But it is the way of the world; the self-denying folk always seem left, yet if Janet had her regrets she was happy in the love of her married companions, and was always the welcome guest.

They were happy in their husbands and their homes, and if they were not exactly the princes of their short frock days, they certainly made very good substitutes, and helped to lay that extraordinary bogey called Emancipation, and so the four wise virgins became more or less wise women.

TIGHT SHOES.—The wearing of shoes which compress and distort the feet is a singularly injurious custom. Suppose it is said that nine-tenths of the feet were rendered misshapen by the boots and shoes worn, the statement would seem extreme, but it would be within the truth. The pointed shoe or boot is the most signal instance of a mischievous instrument designed for the torture of feet. In this shoe the great toe is forced out of its natural line towards the other toes, giving a reverse curve from what is natural to the terminal part of the inner side of the foot, while all the other toes are compressed together towards the great toe, the whole producing a wedge-like form of foot which is altogether apart from the natural.

Such a foot has lost its elastic resistance; such a foot has lost the strength of its arch to a very considerable degree; such a foot, by the irregular and unusual pressure on certain points of its surface, has become hard at those points, and is easily affected with corns and bunions. Lastly, such a foot becomes badly nourished, and the pressure exerted upon it interferes with its circulation and nutrition. It ceases to be an instrument upon which the body can sustain itself with grace and with easiness of movement, even in early life, while in mature life and in old age it becomes a foot which is absolutely unsafe, and which causes much of that irregular hobbling tread which often renders so peculiar the gait of persons who have passed their meridian. It sometimes happens for a time that these mistakes in regard to the boot and shoe are increased by the plan of raising the heel and letting it rest on a raised impediment of a pointed shape.

Anything more barbarous can scarcely be conceived. By this means, the body, which should naturally be balanced on a most beautiful arch, is placed on an inclined plane, and is only prevented from falling forward by the action of the muscles which counterbalance the mechanical error. But all this is at the expense of lost muscular effort along the whole line of the muscular track, from the heels actually to the back of the head—a loss of force which is absolutely useless, and exhausting and painful.

In addition to these evils arising from the pointed heel boot, there are yet two more. In the first place, the elastic spring of the arch being broken by the heel, the vibration produced by its contact with the earth at every step causes a concussion which extends along the whole of the spinal column, and is sometimes very acutely felt. In the second place, the expanse of the foot being limited, the seizure of the earth by the foot is incomplete both in standing and in walking, so that it becomes a new art to learn how to stand erect or to walk with safety.

Bric-a-Brac.

IN AUSTRIA.—At the death of a Prince of the Austrian royal family the horse follows the funeral procession, covered with a black cloth and lame in one foot. The lameness is caused by a nail driven into the hoof.

A BIG DANCE.—In 1489, at the marriage of the Duke of Milan, a ballet was presented of such magnificance that it was talked of all over England. It is stated that there were over 1200 dancers in this entertainment.

IN JAPAN.—The Japanese are much poorer patrons of the theatre than their American cousins. In that country a man careful of his reputation seldom goes; a lady never. They do, however, enjoy theatrical performances by hiring a traveling troupe.

A LARGE BOTTLE.—At the Bordeaux Exhibition the special feature will be the largest bottle ever made. It will be 115 feet high and divided into stories, in the lowest of which there will be a restaurant. A winding staircase will lead up the neck to a kiosque, taking the place of the cork, where there will be room for 35 persons at a time to sit and look over the Exhibition grounds and the city.

ON COW-BACK.—In the latter half of the eighteenth century Sir Ashton Lever—whose chief title to fame seems to be that he founded the body of archers that calls itself by the hard name of the Royal Toxophilite Society—formed a museum of curious and rare objects in Leicester House, in London. So great was the interest of the general public in this collection that Sir Ashton made it a rule that no person who came on foot was to be admitted. One day a gentleman, ignorant of the rule, was refused admittance. Not to be defeated, however, he obtained a cow, rode to the exhibition on its back, and was then allowed to enter.

THE LINE OF PEACE.—Everyone can tell a cat's tail from a dog's, but it seems that the movements of each do not mean the same thing. For instance, when a dog wags his tail from side to side, that is held to be a sign of friendship and peace; and it will usually be found, according to Dr. W. Main, that this, the horizontal line, is the line of peace. There is, however, one conspicuous exception to this rule; for when Tom-cat waves his tail in such a fashion, so far from its being an indication of his desire for peace, the movement generally precedes an attack. Dr. Main thinks it possible that this seemingly peaceful action of the tail when really about to attack, may have given rise to the charge of treachery so freely made against pussy.

ON THE WAY TO THE CAPE.—A horse, an excellent steeplechaser, was once being taken from England to the Cape. The box in which it was lodged stood close to the entrance to the saloon. Thus its head was very near to the waiters as they passed to and fro at meal times. One waiter there was who thought it good fun to give the horse a hard crack on the nose every time he passed the box. The animal bore this malicious treatment patiently for a while, but one day it took its revenge. Came the waiter along from the kitchen with a dish of curry and rice in each hand, when he suddenly found himself lifted from his feet in a strong, masterful grasp, thoroughly well shaken, and then flung on to the deck amongst the savory and steaming mess that had been intended for the first-class dining-table. The man left the horse severely alone for ever afterwards.

"YOUR JOCK AND MY JOHN."—In Scotland it was once more generally true than it is to-day, that one boy was as good as another, if not a great deal better. As has often been pointed out, it was not rare to see the son of the peer and the son of the peasant sitting side by side on the bench in the country parish school. There is a story that amusingly illustrates this state of society when the folk of the country side had not as yet been divided by a hard-and-fast line into the "masses" and the "classes." The scene is laid in the Lauderdale district of Berwickshire. A cotter's wife asked a nobleman's wife, whose son was frequently a companion of her own son, "Has your leddyship seen onywhere your Jock and my John?" Somewhat nettled, the grand lady replied, "Dear me, Mrs. Gray, why do you call your son 'John' and my son 'Jock'?" "Deed, mem, when your son is a man, he'll be the laird, and naebody'll mind what he was ance ca'd; but if my son gets 'Jock' noo, he'll be 'Jock' a' his days." And thus the good woman had come to distinguish the highly-born and the lowly-born lads.

SPRING.

BY E. E. W.

See the bright dew drops sparkling on the ground,
Awaiting Nature's carpeting of green;
Her velvet face with modest daisies crown'd,
While golden cups add to the beauteous scene.

Again the budding hedgerow looks so glad,
And lo! its melodious strains break on the ear;
The trees, no longer bare are verdure-clad,
And show that smiling Spring again is here.

Then come, fair sister Spring, with fragrant lips
Of scented primroses and violets blue;
And while the busy bee thy nectar sips,
We'll seek to profit from thy richness too.

IN SILKEN CHAINS

BY THE AUTHOR OF, "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"GO and play the detective; watch for Mary Marshall, and when you have found her, send me word. Remember that Lord Norman's safety depends upon her," Mr. Levi had said to Madge, and his words rang in her ears, inspiring her with hope, and haunting her with a kind of despair. For it is all very well to say, "Play the detective," but Madge asked herself, "What am I to do? Where am I to go?"

It seemed to her that the first place to which she should direct her attention was the Chase, and leaving her grandfather peacefully and contentedly at work in the little parlor of the cottage, she went by the bridle path towards the great house.

Although she wore a veil, the woman at the lodge gate knew her, and welcomed her with unbounded delight, and Madge went into the lodge and sat down and chatted with her.

The woman had nothing to tell that Madge did not already know, and to Madge's questions—put as carelessly and casually as she could—whether any strange young woman had passed through the gates yesterday or that day, the lodge-keeper replied with a distinct negative.

"No one passed excepting visitors as I know, and the usual village folk, Miss Madge," she said, "and no one could have done so without my knowledge, because the gates are always kept closed now by his lordship's orders."

"You mean Lord—Lord Lechmere's?" said Madge with downcast eyes.

"To be sure, miss. It's a long time since we received any orders from the earl, poor man! Yes; I mean his young lordship. Terrible wild he is, and terrible hot-tempered. He's dreadfully upset about this case—this man, Harry Richmond, as tried to rob the safe, and is in Dexmouth goal. I suppose you've heard about it, Miss Madge?"

"Yes," said Madge, struggling with her color. "I—I have heard about it. I suppose everyone thinks him guilty."

"Oh, lor, yes, miss, of course," said the woman, cheerfully, "and they do say that he is a regular bad lot, and that he's done all sorts of things out in foreign parts. But now, miss; tell me how you and Mr. Gordon have been, and how the dear old gentleman is. Ah, many and many's the basket of fruit he's sent me, and by your dear kind hands, miss, when my poor Willie lay a-dying. To think of you coming down here again, too! Lor! how pleased everybody will be to see you! Ah, miss it's the kind hearted people as always get the other sort stops on, bad luck to them."

While Madge was giving some account of their London life to the woman, she kept her eyes fixed on the gate, and her ears open, expecting, hoping, to see Mary Marshall come up, and apply for admission; and suddenly she heard the sound of a horse coming along the road at a gallop. The lodge-keeper heard it, too, and sprang up with an anxious, alert look on her face.

"That's his lordship," she said, snatching the key from its hook. "I must have the gate open ready for him, for he don't like waiting half a second, and if I do happen to keep him as long, he's mighty angry."

Madge went to the window and looked out cautiously.

Harold Thane came tearing down the drive from the house, mounted on a magnificent hunter; came so rapidly that he was at the gate before the woman could reach it, quick as she had been.

Madge's heart beat violently as she looked at him. He was much changed since she had seen him last; and, in the light of her knowledge of his true character, his haggard face, with its defiant eyes and closely-drawn lips, seemed to tell its own story.

"Curse it!" she heard him exclaim, with an oath. "Why don't you have the gate ready? You've nothing else to do, woman; and, by ——, you won't have that long if you are not spryer!"

The lodge-keeper came back to the cottage flushed and nervous

"He's in one of his black fits to-day," she said, with a sigh. "Ah! Miss Madge, he's very different to his uncle, the earl. With all his proud and haughty ways, the poor old gentleman is a gentleman, and would a-died before he'd a-sworn at a woman, though she was only his gate-keeper."

Madge was turning from the small window to make some response when she saw Harold Thane pull up suddenly—so suddenly that the great horse was almost thrown upon its haunches. It was Silas Fletcher who had stopped him; and Madge saw him lay his hand on Thane's arm in a familiar--insolently familiar—fashion, and noticed that the two men spoke in a confidential whisper.

Her heart sank. These two men, both clever and both unscrupulous, were in league against her lover, and he, on his side, had only the evidence of one woman to rely on—a woman who might even now be leaving the country.

After a few minutes' colloquy Thane rode on, striking the horse savagely at starting, and Silas limped towards the lodge.

Madge had only time to dart into the adjoining bedroom, with a hurried "Please let me hide, I do not want to see Mr. Fletcher," when Silas entered.

She watched him as he got a light for his cigar, and gentle hearted as she was she could not repress a feeling of satisfaction as she saw a dark bruise on his sinister face.

With scant thanks for the light he left the lodge, and Madge came out of the bedroom, and, waiting until he had got quite out of sight, started for home, feeling disheartened and discouraged.

Several hours had elasped since her arrival at Chesney, and what had she been able to do—what had she discovered? Nothing!

"Oh my darling, my love!" she murmured, as she paused by the finger-post and glanced wistfully at the sign "To Dexmouth.". "If I could only take your place! Or if they would only let me suffer with you!"

On her way through the village she made several calls upon her old friends and pensioners, and with careful caution inquired if any strange woman had been seen in the place; but with no result and she went down the lane in which stood the cottage where they had got rooms with a heavy forebodiug of failure in her mission.

Then, suddenly, all her depression and despair were dispelled as by a magician's hand; for, as she entered by the open door, she saw Mary Marshall herself lying back in an arm-chair, and the woman of the cottage and Mr. Gordon bending over her.

Little wonder that Madge could not, for some moments, believe her eyes, and stood standing in the doorway staring at the wan face of the woman of whom she had been in search.

"Oh, miss," said the landlady, looking round, "I'm so glad you've come!"

"Who—who is she?" Madge asked, though she knew well enough; and she threw her hat aside and knelt beside the chair.

"It's a poor girl I found outside in the lane, just there by the stile," said the landlady. "I was going for some water, and there I see her sitting on the lower bar of the stile, with her head resting against the top one. I thought she was asleep, and went to wake her. Then I see she was in a dead faint, and I ran back for Mr. Gordon, and we carried her between us in here. Poor soul! I'm afeared she's been out all night by the looks of her clothes. See, miss, they're wet with dew."

Madge ran upstairs and brought some brandy in a flask, and got some between the pale, pinched lips, and presently the heavy lips opened, and, with a shuddering reluctance, Mary Marshall came back to life and all its sorrows. For the first moment or two she looked round vacantly, then her eyes returned to Madge's lovely face, and she recognized it.

With a cry of terror she tried to rise, but Madge gently kept her down; and with a word or two sent her grandfather and the landlady from the room.

For a while Mary Marshall looked at her sadly and silently, then her lips moved, and Madge heard her murmur—

"It is Fate—Fate!"

"Don't try to talk," said Madge soothingly, as she gave her some brandy. "You must rest and sleep before you even think. Why, your clothes are all damp! Come upstairs with me and change them. Come, lean on me. You are not afraid of me, are you?" she asked in her sweet, womanly voice as she saw Mary Marshall shrink and hesitate.

"No, not afraid; only—only ashamed!" came the almost inaudible response.

Madge bent and kissed the white, deeply-lined forehead. "Come," she said.

She helped her change her wet, travel-stained clothes for dry and comfortable ones, and then gently compelled her to lie upon the bed and rest while she, Madge, got her some food.

But when she brought the cup of hot tea—woman's stimulant, sedative, companion in joy, and consoler in sorrow!—Mary Marshall gently put it from her.

"Not yet, not till I have told you all and talked with you," she said with a singular firmness in her sad voice.

Madge, looking at the steadfast eyes and listening to the resolute, though feeble voice, saw that it was of no use to insist, and set the cup beside the bed.

"Tell me quickly, then," she said, holding the thin white hand. "But you need not tell me all. I know a great deal. I know that you are Mary Marshall, and that—that you can help Harry Richmond. Help him—no, save him! And you will do it, will you not? You will tell the truth. You know that he is Lord Norman Lechmere, and not—not Harold Thane! Oh, forgive me! It is cruel of me to distress you while you are still weak!" she broke off, as Mary Marshall covered her face with her hands.

"There is nothing to forgive," she said, dropping her hands and setting her face resolutely. "I am not weak. I am strong; but I am tired, very tired."

"You shall rest first," Madge said pitifully. "Try and sleep——"

Mary Marshall smiled sadly.

"There can be no rest for me until I have made terms with you," she said in a low voice.

"Terms?" echoed Madge.

"Yes. Miss Gordon you were right when you said that I knew who Harry Richmond was, and that I could save him."

Madge uttered a faint cry of joy.

"Yes. I know that he is Lord Lechmere, and I will prove it. I will tell the whole story of—of the imposture; but on one condition."

Madge bent forward, her hands clasped.

"I knew it! I knew it!" she murmured. "What is the condition?"

A faint color stole into Mary Marshall's white face, but she kept her eyes steadily upon Madge's.

"That Lord Lechmere—I mean Harry Richmond—allows Harold Thane"—her voice faltered for an instant—"to leave the country, and undertakes not to pursue him or prosecute him. It is a great deal to ask. I know that! Oh, I know that! But it is the only way to unlock my lips. Refuse my conditions, and no power"—she raised her hand impressively—"shall force me to speak except it be to declare Harry Richmond the impostor and Harold Thane the injured man."

Madge shuddered.

"You—you could not do it! You could not utter such a cruel lie!" she faltered.

"Can I not?" said Mary Marshall, with a strange smile. "You say that? And you—you think you know what love means!"

She paused a moment, and sighed.

"And yet yesterday I, too, thought I could not have kept silence, and let an innocent man suffer. But I have seen him since then, the old love has sprung from its ashes, and" — her eyes glowed — "I would go to the gallows to save him!"

"Oh, what shall I do?" Madge cried. "What can I say? It is not for me to consent to such a condition."

Mary Marshall smiled wearily.

"It all rests with you," she said. "You love him; he loves you. Whatever you say or do will seem right in his eyes. Besides, he—the man you love—is good and merciful. He is not like some"—her voice was sad and bitter—"he will not find it hard to forgive. He forgave him before, and he will do so again—for this last time. Harold will leave England, and trouble Lord Lechmere no more. He has promised me! Give me your word—I only want that; I can trust you—give me your word that he shall go free—that you will say nothing till he is out of the country, I will confess everything."

Madge sat silently for a moment or two, her hands clasping and unclasping; then she rose, reached for the tea cup and held it towards Mary.

"I promise for him!" she said in a low voice.

Mary Marshall looked at her steadily, the tears coming into the weary eyes slowly, and as slowly trickling down her white face; then she took the cup.

"Let us go downstairs," she said as firmly and as resolutely as before. "I shall want writing materials. No; I am quite strong," she added, as Madge offered to help her. But Madge gently insisted, and with her arm round Mary's waist, the two went down to the parlor. Mr. Gordon was walking up and down the front garden reading, and Madge motioned to him to remain there, that they might be alone.

Mary Marshall sat at the table and leant her head on her hand.

"Give me some paper," said.

Madge placed writing materials before her, and kneeling by her side put her hand upon Mary's arm.

"Don't—don't say more than is necessary, dear!" she said, in a low, compassionate voice.

Mary Marshall's lips quivered, and she began to write; but her hand trembled and shook, for all her womanly courage, and with a sigh she laid the pen down and said, as she covered her eyes with her hands—

"You must write, please."

Madge took the pen, and was drawing the paper towards her, when a voice said.

"Allow me, Miss Gordon."

Both women started to their feet with a cry. Mr. Levi stood in the doorway, beautifully dressed as usual, and, as usual, smiling sweetly and unconcernedly, as if he had just dropped in casually.

"How do you do, Miss Gordon? Miss Mary Marshall, I believe? Pray don't be alarmed. There is nothing to be frightened about, Miss Marshall."

Mary looked from one to the other as if she half suspected a plot to entrap her, and stood with her hand to her bosom, her breath coming fast and heavily.

"Please do not be alarmed," said Mr. Levi, in his softest accents. "My visit is quite an unexpected one. I happened to run down to see Miss Gordon on business, and I find you two engaged in business. Now, am I right in supposing that the business is connected with the case we are interested in?"

Neither of the girls spoke.

"Yes? Quite so. Miss Marshall is just about to make a short statement, is she not? I thought so!" blandly.

"No!" said Mary Marshall, setting her lips tightly. "Not one word, unless——"

"Unless we undertake to give a certain person—who shall be nameless—plenty of leg bail. I understand. Quite right, Miss Marshall. This statement of yours is valuable, and you are wise to put a price on it. And we are quite ready to pay it. Allow me—thank you!"

He took a sheet of paper and wrote rapidly, and yet without any appearance of hurry, speaking as he wrote.

"This is a dreadfully wrong thing to do—dreadfully! And if it were known"—dipping his pen in the ink—"it would probably send me and Miss Gordon to gaol—and very properly. Never mind! How will this do, Miss Marshall?"

And with a smile and bow he handed across the table the sheet he had written.

'On behalf of Lord Lechmere, we undertake not to prosecute Harold Thane, provided he leaves England, and makes Mary Marshall his lawful wife.

"(Signed), LAZARUS LEVI."

"Put your name under mine, Miss Gordon—it's really very, very wrong!—and give the paper to Miss Marshall."

Madge signed her name with trembling fingers, and handed the paper to Mary Marshall.

She read it with a deep sigh, then took her pen and slowly drew a line through the last words.

The tears sprang to Madge's eyes.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" she murmured, brokenly.

"And now," said Mr. Levi, seating himself, and drawing paper and ink towards him significantly.

In accents that scarcely faltered, though her voice was weak and low, Mary Marshall gave the evidence, which proved Lord Norman's identity.

Mr. Levi wrote eagerly, the expression on his face growing more bland and satisfied each moment. When, with a sigh, Mary Marshall stopped, he carefully blotted the paper, handed it to her to sign,

and having folded it and put in his pocket-book, rose, and nodded cheerfully.

"Thank you! Miss Gordon, permit me to congratulate you! Lord Norman is saved; and I am sure, Miss Marshall, that you will appreciate the value of the good work you have this moment accomplished, when I tell you that but for you——" He shrugged his shoulders significantly, "I only wish I could have an opportunity of congratulating Mr. Thane also. For if ever a man was lucky in the possession of the love of a true and noble woman, he is that man. Now, Miss Gordon, I should like to have a few words with you outside. If Miss Marshall will take my advice she will go upstairs and rest after this trying business."

Madge took Mary's hand, and after a moment or two of hesitation she permitted Madge to lead her upstairs.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, how can I thank you? What can I say?" Madge faltered.

Mary looked at her with sad eyes.

"You will be happy now!" she said in a low voice.

A smile broke through Madge's tears.

"Yes! And I shall owe that happiness to you! Oh, I trust—I believe—you will be happy too! You deserve it so much—so much! He must love you through all the future, love and worship you! He could not help it!"

"Do you think so?" said the low, sad voice.

"Yes, yes, yes! And now lie down and rest, dear."

Mary Marshall sank upon the bed, and covered her eyes for a moment; then she said—

"Go; he is waiting for you."

Madge bent over her.

"Yes; but is there nothing I can do for you!"

"Nothing," said Mary. "Yes. Kiss me once, if—if you will."

Madge put her arm round her and kissed her.

"Try and sleep till I come back," she whispered.

She found Mr. Levi waiting for her outside. He was talking botany, with a gravity which would have done credit to an Erasmus, to Mr. Gordon, and the old man seemed quite reluctant to let him go.

"You—you interest me very much, Mr.—Mr.—I'm afraid I don't know your name," the old man said. "I think there is a great deal of truth in your petal theory, and I will mention it in my book. Must you go? Perhaps you will look in again and discuss the question more fully?" And, in an audible whisper to Madge, he added, "A wonderfully well-read young man, my dear, wonderfully!"

"Are you ready, Miss Gordon? Come along, then!" and Mr. Levi led her into the lane. "I congratulate you on your success! You would make a splendid detective, my dear young lady, and it is really a pity that you are destined to be a peeress of the realm" Madge blushed charmingly—"for, otherwise, I could have got you a high place in the female force."

"Oh, but I didn't find her. She—she found herself, Mr. Levi!" Madge said, piteously.

Mr. Levi laughed softly.

"I know that, my dear young lady. I heard it from the landlady. Never mind! I wanted an excuse for sending you down here, and the detective one came handy. And now, could you find me a trusty messenger to Lord Norman, do you think?"

Madge colored crimson, and caught her breath.

"Oh! I couldn't go—could I?" she stammered, clasping her hands. "You want someone to tell him. But"—her face fell—"but we promised not to tell him, or anyone, until that other had left the country, Mr. Levi!"

"I know," he said smiling, as he drew a paper from his pocket. "You need not tell Lord Norman anything except that he is a free man—is a comparatively free man—until the trial. I have been through a certain legal formality which is called 'seeing a Judge in Chambers,' and have got bail for him. I have had an interview with Lord Landon, the senior magistrate, this morning, and here is the document which will set Lord Norman free until the trial. Now, who would you like to take it to him?"

I am afraid Madge was guilty of the school-girl offence of "snatching." Mr. Levi laughed with pleasant enjoyment as she tore the papers from him.

"Very well! Off you go, then! Bring him to the Chase. Let me see, allowing for the journey to Dexmouth and back—I've got a fly waiting at the top of the lane—and the inevitable formalities—you won't be able to reach the Chase before half-past ten to-night."

"To the Chase, and so late! Why?" asked Madge.

"Never mind. I'm afraid you'll have to trust to me for a little while longer," he said with a smile. "Can you do so?"

Madge held out her hand.

"It is easier to trust you than to thank you, Mr. Levi," she said, her lovely face eloquent with gratitude.

For the first time in his famous career the celebrated Mr. Levi was embarrassed; and he was extremely glad that there was no one but the charming young lady to witness his momentary confusion. He actually stammered as he said—

"Miss Gordon, notwithstanding his many trials and misfortunes, I—I envy Lord Norman!"

CHAPTER XL.

THANE, after parting with Silas Fletcher outside the Chase gates, rode at a break neck pace across the moor which stretched between Chesney Park and the Grange. He was one of those men to whom, in periods of excitement and peril, rapid and violent action of some kind is absolutely necessary.

Shut up in his smoking-room, or in one of the luxurious apartments of the Chase, he would, he felt, have gone mad. But the tearing rate at which he galloped endued his overstrained mind with a fictitious strength, and braced him up to work the problem of his fate. And it was a terrible problem. Before him were only two courses. To "face the music"—defy Mary and her damning evidence—or seek safety in flight.

If he took the latter course he must throw up the sponge, bid farewell for ever to rank, position, wealth. Well, he could do that—not without a pang, for, with all deference to philosophers, rank and wealth are very good things, and a man who has possessed them is not likely to yield them without a struggle—but in relinquishing them he must relinquish that which he held as far dearer and more precious—Sybil Delamoor.

It was of Sybil he thought as he rode at break-neck pace across the moor. He loved her with all the passion of which a strong and daring man is capable. He loved her—well, not better than himself, but next to himself; and if he threw up the sponge, and, yielding to Mary's entreaties and warnings, took to flight, he must lose Sybil for ever.

The thought maddened him. He drove the spurs into the horse, and struck it with his heavy hunting-whip every time he thought of her fair "faultily faultless face," which he had kissed so often, and which, but for this untoward blow of Fate, would soon have been his.

For hours he rode over moor and road, thinking deeply, fiercely; but still the problem remained unsolved.

He had eaten nothing since dinner at the Grange on the preceding night, but he had drunk often, and his brain burned and his veins tingled.

At last, when he was some miles from the Grange, an idea—a hope—sprang into his mind. She loved him. She had said so a hundred—a thousand times. Only last night she had vowed that, come what might, she would love him still, and cleave to him "for better or worse." She, a young, pure, unsophisticated girl, could not be false. Suppose—suppose he put her devotion to test? Suppose he went to her and told her—not all; he shuddered as he thought of the "all," but just enough of his past history and his present peril, and asked her to fly with him? Surely she, who loved him, could not refuse? He would do it! Yes, he would do it! She would stand the test, he was sure. She would cleave to him, now that "the worst" had come. He would rely on her love and womanly devotion, and place himself in her hands.

The instant the resolution had formed itself in his burning brain he turned the horse in the direction of the Grange.

Spattered with mud and the foam which the horse had thrown from its mouth, he dismounted and asked for Lady Sybil, and was ushered into her boudoir.

She was lying on a couch beside the fire, her favorite screen in her hand, a soft bear-skin rug over her feet.

"Why, Norman," she said, without rising, but putting out her left hand languidly, "I did not expect you this afternoon! Dear me, how hot you are, and how muddy! Why do you ride so hard? Have you been hunting?"

"No," he said, and his voice sounded hard and dry. "No; the hounds did not meet to-day. I have come over to see you on business, Sybil."

"Business?" She laughed softly. "What a ridiculous word! It sounds as if you had come for a bill, or—I don't know what. Do sit down, though you spoil every chair you sit in, for you are all over mud. You ought to have got brushed, sir!"

"There is no time for trifling, Sybil," he said, his fingers closing on her dainty hand in a way that she always detested. "I am in trouble."

"Trouble?" Her blue eyes opened upon him with lazy, sleepy surprise. "What trouble? The idea of you having any trouble, Norman!"

"The idea may seem strange," he said, standing beside her and devouring her with his dark, restless eyes, "but it is a true one, for all that. I am in trouble, Sybil."

"Let me send for mamma," she said, stretching out a hand towards the bell; "she is awfully good at trouble of all kinds. Not that she is sympathetic—quite the reverse, but she always is so cool and calm. I take after her, I think."

"I think you do," he said with a faint touch of bitterness. "But don't ring; the matter concerns you more than it does your mother; and she could do nothing—nothing. Sybil, do you remember what you said last night?"

"I said so many things," she murmured, hiding a yawn behind her screen.

"You said, with your lips to mine, that, come better or worst, you would love me cling to me still."

"Yes, so I did."

"And meant it!" he demanded, with feverish swiftness.

"Of course," she responded, yawning openly.

He bent lower, till his lips almost touched her shell-like ear.

"Sybil, I have bad news for you. The worst has come. Well! Don't move. Let me hold your hand, let me touch you and feel your sympathy, your love. I say the worst has come. I am in trouble—danger!"

"Trouble? Danger?" she echoed, her blue eyes wide open, her lips apart.

"Yes, Sybil! Strange things have happened. That—that man, Harry Richmond, has—has charged me, or will charge me, with being—being a fraud and imposter. He says, or will say at the trial, that—that I—and not he—am the Herald Thane, the escaped bushranger——"

She would have risen, but he put his hot hand upon her shoulder—her white, bare shoulder, for she was dressed for dinner—and held in her place.

"He will bring evidence to prove his assertion, and—and perhaps he will succeed. If—if so, I—I shall be an outcast; I shall be no longer Lord Norman, heir to the earldom of Chesney, but—but a criminal flying from justice!"

She struggled with his detaining hand, and rose, and stood looking at him, her lips parted, her fair face white and horror-stricken.

"Do you understand?" he said hoarsely. "Forgive me for telling you this so—so suddenly. I am a brute not to—to have tried and broken it gradually, but—but I am worried and—and upset; and—and, Sybil, my, dearst, my love, I want your answer to this question. If—if this man should prove the winner, if he should take everything from me, if he should prove me to be—be Harold Thane, would you—will you love me, stand by me still? Remember, you said last night—only last night—you would do so! 'For better or worse,' you said! Sybil, I love you! God only knows how I love, dote on you! You are my life, my heart's blood! I—I would do anything to keep you. Anything! Yes, murder itself——"

She shrank a little, but only a little.

With white face and distended eyes she looked at him fixedly.

"Is—is this true?" dropped from her blanched lips at last.

He glanced at the door, then fell at her knees and clutched at her white satin dress—clutched at it as a drowning man might grasp at the edge of the rocks on which all his hopes of salvation depended.

"Sybil," he whispered huskily, "it is. I am Harold Thane! I am not Lord Lechmere; I am an imposter! But I am still the man you loved—the man you promised to marry, the man you——"

She tore her dress from his trembling fingers, rending the delicate, costly satin, and shrank back from him as if he had been a leper.

"You—you are not Lord Lechmere?" she panted.

"No!" he said. "For heaven's sake, listen to me, Sybil! I am still the man you loved and swore to stand by—I am not changed! What does all the rest matter to you and me, dearest? Oh, my darling, my only love, stand by your word—your word! Leave England with me! My love shall make you happier than ever woman was. My love shall shield you, cover you; for pity's sake, do not desert me, Sybil! There is nothing else for me on earth or in heaven but your love——" His voice broke.

"You are not Lord Lechmere!" she panted. "You are—what is the name?—Harold Thane! a common criminal! I should not be the Countess of Chesney! You—you beast!" Her voice shook with the fury of rage and disappointment. "Don't touch me! Dare to lay a finger upon me again, and I—I will——" She stopped, and broke into a wild, hysterical laugh. "You come and tell me this! You—you confess yourself to be an impostor, a vile criminal; you tell me this, and ask me to——" She laughed again, and the laugh cut him as with the lash of a whip. "You must be mad. Yes, you must be mad. Yes, you must be mad! I, Lady Sybil Delamoor!—fly with you! You—you, a convict!" The laugh floated through the room again. "Yes, you must be mad! Don't dare to touch me!" he stretched out his hands to her in an imploring gesture. "Get out of sight! Leave the house! This moment!" She stamped her dainty foot. "Go at once, or—or I will call the police, and give you in charge, you impostor, you thief!"

The words struck him like hail. He rose, his face white, his lips livid, and approached her with murder in his eyes. Passion has its revulsions.

"Keep back, keep back!" she cried. "Mamma! mamma!" and her hand went to the bell.

He seized it, and held it in a grip of iron, and his eyes met her scornful, furious ones with a stare of revolted love, with wild fear, contempt. Then he forced a laugh, "the laugh the devils laugh in hell."

"Hush! Hush!" he said, hoarsely. "I—I am only joking. I—I was only trying you. My dear Sybil, how foolish you must be. Of course it was only a jest—a sorry one, I'll admit. Only a joke. I—I carried it too far. Forgive me."

"A—a jest?" she faltered, white and red by turns.

"Yes!" he said, smiling, but with the woeful expression still lingering in his eyes. "It was too severe a trial! Of course you could—could not keep your vow. It was too ridiculous!" He laughed again, and his hand closed over hers in a hot, spasmodic grasp. "Don't be frightened. Go and sit down. Just say you forgive, and I will take myself off. You will forgive me, Sybil?"

She sank back on the couch and fanned herself with the screen, her color still coming and going.

"Really Norman, you—you are too bad," she said, with a flickering laugh. "I—I—thought you were in earnest! What an admirable actor you would make!"

"Shouldn't I!" he said, with a smile. "Almost as good a one as you, Sybil. You are all right, now? Give me a kiss to prove that you have forgiven my idiotic joke."

She drew a long breath as she held up her face to him, and he bent over her, took her in his arms, and straining her to him kissed her on the lips. Kissed her so fiercely, so passionately, that she winced and struggled out of his embrace.

"You—you hurt me, Norman!" she said pettishly.

"Do I?" he said with a strange smile. "Well, I will not hurt you so again. Good-bye!"

He left the house and went to the stable.

"Do you want the horse at once, my lord?" inquired the groom. "He seems a bit done up, and a rest wouldn't do him do harm."

Thane looked at the man vacantly, as if he scarcely understood him, then he said absently—

"Does he? Very well. I'll come for him in—in an hour or two."

He walked out of the stable yard and stood at the entrance to the avenue, looking about him like a man in a dream, or dazed for some sudden shock; then he went slowly down the avenue and into the road.

It was nearly the hour at which he had appointed to meet Mary. He started as if he had suddenly recollected the appointment, and stood motionless, leaning against the fence.

So he stood, biting his lips and staring at the ground for a quarter of an hour.

When he reached that part of the road at which she had stopped him on the preceding night, he drew into the shadow of the trees, wiped his face, which was covered with a cold sweat, and in a covert, secretive fashion unbuttoned his coat, and taking a revolver from his pocket examined it carefully.

As he was doing it he heard a light step coming down the road, and with a quick nervous gesture he slipped the weapon into his pocket again, and re-buttoning his coat stood expectantly, with a forced smile on his white lips. But there was no smile in his eyes!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YOUNG SHOOTS.

BY P. S.

"Young doth it prick that will be a thorn,"
Says the old proverb, and sure it is true;
This Nature shows in the shoot newly born:
This Nature shows, very young child, in you.

This Nature shows in the young shoot, and know
Gardeners thence what the grown plant will be;
This Nature shows in the young child, and so
Guardians are able the grown man to see.

Guardians should nourish the young child with truths,
Choice, and best suiting the little one's ways;
Check, coax, and force it, if needs be, for youth's
Bias will linger the whole of its days.

Why do so many men show they were not
Train'd by good guardians in Life's early morn?
Merely because the old proverb's forgot,
"Young doth it prick that will be a thorn."

The Grey Mare.

BY L. A. J.

CHAPTER II—(CONTINUED.)

WHEN we paired off for dinner Aggie fell to the lot of the young minister. Miss Blanche Macdougall fell to my share; the eldest son of the house and Miss Elliott were together, and the rest according to their merits or demerits. I was seated on the opposite side of the table from Agnes and Mr. Simpson; and I saw he was evidently struck with his fair companion; she also listened with sweet-eyed wonder to the words of wisdom which fell from his boyish lips, as girls always do listen when the speaker wears a black coat and writes reverend before his name. My wife has since told me that I was very marked all during dinner in my attentions to my partner, which fact I think requires corroboration. I know I looked very often at Miss Elliott and wondered if Agnes would not think her dress more "odd" than ever.

It was of heavy purple velvet, with great tongues of yellow silk breaking out like flames in all directions. There were diamonds in her hair, on her bare white neck, on her beautifully round arms. Her beauty was the beauty which, though it needed no adornment, was not afraid to challenge it. Whenever she moved there was a flash and glitter, whether from eyes, lips, dress or hair, it was difficult to say. She was like some beautiful tropical flower sparkling with fiery dew.

"How's your gray mare, Scott?" called out Macdougall during a sudden lull; "I heard she was laid up."

Diana Elliott paused abruptly in a speech which she was addressing to her right-hand neighbor, and flashed a sudden glance at me, in which I thought I read both entreaty and defiance.

"Oh, she's all right now," I returned carelessly. "My cousin rides her every day. She was overridden, that was all."

"Mind you don't have the S. P. C. A. down on you," said Jack Macdougall; "they are the most impertinent lot you can imagine."

"I'll take care," I nodded towards Jack; "besides, there's no harm done, and it won't happen again."

"No? That's lucky. By-the-way, that was a long price Graham of Raby got for his black pony," and so on, and so, till the ladies left us and until we followed them upstairs. There had been an unwritten agreement between Miss Elliott's relations and the Macdougalls, which was now nearly ten years old, that that young lady and the heir of the Macdougalls were to marry some day. The young people were perfectly aware of this, and had been "Jack" and "Diana" to each other from childhood.

After dinner, as duty bound, Jack sought her side, and I marked with a keen eye, though it was none of my business, that the smile with which she welcomed him was constrained, and that her manner was not so warm as the circumstances seemed to demand. Jack on his part did not seem a very ardent lover, but I am told it is the fashion in the best society to leave such matters to the lady and—her mother. I stood at a little distance talking to a younger Macdougall, who was making a collection of bird's eggs and levying contributions on all his acquaintances.

"Well, bring the big fern-book from the library," were the first words I heard Diana say. "No, I won't look at that little one; I don't believe in it," then as Jack obeyed, with a sudden swift movement she gained my side, and "Regy," she said hurriedly, "will you get me that golden plover's egg you promised me? Then as the boy turned away she continued breathlessly, "Thank you for what you said at dinner; at least, for what you did not say. How is Dapple Grey? will you sell her now? She does not suit your cousin; she is far too timid to manage her."

"Miss Elliott," I said, irritated at the dash of contempt in her last words, "my first words are my last. I will not sell Dapple Grey. My cousin can manage the mare perfectly; she can do anything with her."

I am afraid this last statement was a deliberate falsehood.

"No, she can't," returned the lady triumphantly; "she can't make her take a fence."

"If you chance to be in the low meadow to-morrow morning," I returned deliberately, "I think you will not be able to say so again."

She favored me with a sudden glance out of those wonderful eyes, in which defiance seemed struggling with some other feeling, and, bewildered, I laid my hand swiftly and roughly on hers.

"Do you think to compel me to compliance with your wishes? Oh, no, I am a man and I will have my way." She did not answer, but struggled to free her hand.

"My wrist," she said at last faintly; "you hurt me."

"I do not hurt you if you do not struggle," I returned in the same low tone. "To-morrow, Dapple Grey and Agnes shall go over the leaping-bar, I swear it, even if both their necks are broken in the attempt."

"Am I going mad or am I drunk?" I groaned aloud as we drove home about an hour later.

"Did you speak, cousin?" said Agnes sleepily.

"Nothing, dear; I was talking in my dreams."

CHAPTER III.

"I would not lend my pony now,
For all that lady's hire!"

THE leaping lesson next day was attended by complete success. With less difficulty than my most sanguine hopes could have believed, Dapple Grey met and overcame every difficulty. Now and then I stole a glance at the Abbey windows and, thanks to a pair of uncommonly sharp eyes, I caught a glimpse of a figure concealed behind a curtain. I was not sorry that Miss Elliott should see my triumph, but I need hardly say that I concealed the fact of there being an onlooker from my cousin, because, after all, she was most required to show self-possession, and also because I felt an indefinable reluctance to mention Miss Elliott's name that morning. It was the same jealous feeling which leads a miser to conceal his treasure even from the hand which has no desire to grasp it.

However, we returned to the house mutually pleased with each other and with the morning's occupation. Here we found our clerical of the preceding evening talking most amicably with Mrs. Grey. He brought his aunt's apologies, who would have done herself the pleasure of accompanying him, had it not been for a very bad cold.

Simpson seemed a decentish sort of chap, and accepted with eagerness the invitation to lunch, which I felt bound to offer him, more for Agnes' and her mother's gratification than my own. What women see so very fascinating in a black coat has always been a mystery to me.

After lunch, having some letters to write, I retired to my business-room, where in the course of the afternoon a note was brought me. I opened the thick parchment-like envelope and read as follows:

"Will you lend me Dapple Grey to-morrow? I shall send him back"—here something had been erased which looked like "quite safely," and—"in the evening," substituted.

There was neither beginning nor end to the note, no date, no place of residence. I thought it savored somewhat of a demand, and even without being told that a groom from the Abbey had brought it, and waited for an answer, I guessed the writer. I sat wondering how I could word my refusal—for a refusal I decided at once it must be—so as to be both polite and decided. I turned the note over, lifted the envelope, and on the flap, evidently as an after-thought, was written:

"If you are still determined not to sell her, I am willing to hire her, either by the week or month."

At this, without further hesitation, I hastily wrote:

"As I require my mare every day for my cousin's use, I regret that I cannot lend her; and, not owning livery-stables, I do not let out any of my horses on hire."

Which curt epistle I sealed and sent off at once.

I found myself wondering constantly that evening how my note had been received at the Abbey, and although I assured myself over and over again that I had heard the last of the incident, I cherished a hope that Miss Elliott would continue the correspondence. In this hope, however, I was disappointed; not on that day nor the three following did I hear a word of Diana Elliott.

Every one of those days, Agnes and I rode out along the narrow lanes so pleasant in summer, but now growing rapidly desolate and leafless; but neither coming nor going, although I contrived to pass the Abbey gates, did I catch a glimpse of that face and form which was now engrossing my daily thoughts and nightly dreams.

About the fourth day I was watching Archie grooming Dapple Grey, which performance was only accomplished with an enormous amount of puffing and hissing. Suddenly he straightened himself and, knocking the curry-comb pretty sharply against the yard wall, remarked:

"Ye'll no hae heard the news they've telling up by, Mr. Hector, I'm thinking."

Archie, in common with every one round, always termed the Abbey "up by."

"No, Archie. What news?"

"Weel, ye see, as I was ganging hame yestreen, I thought I'd look in at the lodge, yonner, for ye ken Tam Lowrie, the underkeeper, is married on ane o' my sister's lassies."

"Yes, yes, I know," I said impatiently. "Well?"

"Ah, weel, Jeannie, was na in. That's the wife, ye ken, an' I speered at Tam, an' he said she had gane up by. That's the way wi' maist feck o' the women-folk, ay clash, clashing a' gates, an' she had gane up to the big hoose tae see the kitchen-lass, as is Tam Lowrie's brither's gude sister; for, frae a' I hear, she keeps up an unc 'tred wi' her."

"Then you did not see her?" I asked, finding this story none of the most diverting.

"Bide a wee, sir; bide a wee. Ou, ay, she cam' in, an' the kitchen-lass ran down wi' her—Maggie Rutherford, they ca' her; ye'll mind, she was evened with Jock Jardine, yon red-headed hallan-shacker frae Dumfries that gied an' listed at Carlisle, Martinmas coming was a year. Well, they twa, they jist clashed backwards and forrits, an' they say yon lassie has ta'en till her bed."

"Who? Miss Elliott? Ill? What is the matter?" I asked eagerly, while I vainly strove to throw an air of indifference over the remark.

"Narves, I reckon," was the quiet reply. "It's ay narves, narves, wi' the women if they canna' get a' things their ain gait. Losh, Mr. Hector, the lasses are a queer lot! 'Deed, they beat Solomon, an' he kent mair aboot them than he sud, if a' tales be true; an' I winna deny that they beat me, wha ay keeped myself weel awa' frae them."

Having finished this tirade, Archie applied himself to Dapple Grey's sides with renewed vigor.

"But Miss Elliott can't have that excuse," I remarked. "She will have most things 'her ain gait,' I fancy, at the Abbey."

"The Abby's no' the warld, an' maist is no' a'," was the mysterious reply. "Look ye, Maister Hector, ye'll never guess what the lassock is after noo? Jeannie tell't me that the kitchen-lass tauld her that she's ta'en tae her bed frae thraw, because she canna compass the death o' Dapple Grey! Did ony mortal e'er tell o' sic daft-like goings-on?"

"Nonsense, Archie. I don't believe a word of it."

"Jist what I said. 'Jeannie,' quo' I, 'the laird 'ill no believe his ain lugs.' But it's true, for a' that. She's jist clean demented wi' pride an' rampagingness. She can scarce pit her fit tae the grun' for pride, an' whan she she says 'gang,' a' the countryside maun jist tear awa' at her bidding; an' she canna get the meer, an' she's neither tae haud nor tae bind. An' she's tuk till her bed, an' she's grat herself jist silly, and' she hadna a lang road tae gang, or I'm mista'en."

The story was so absurd that I altogether refused to give credence to it. One part of it was true, however. Miss Elliott was ill, for I more than once saw the doctor's gig driving up to the Abbey. One day I waylaid him, a hard-worked, ill-paid, cheery man of about fifty.

"Who is ill at the Abbey?" I asked him carelessly.

"Miss Elliott. Woa, Minnie! Steady, old girl. You see, Scott, I've not had the old mare out for two days, and she seems inclined to kick the gig over the fence."

"Yes, she seems fresh. What is wrong with Miss Elliott; nothing serious, I hope?"

"Oh no," he replied slightly. "It began with rather a bad fit of hysterics, as far as I can gather, though the young lady indignantly denies it; says she never had a fit of hysterics in her life; and I am rather inclined to believe her, as she is not a hysterical subject. She'll be all right in a day or two. Girls are kittle cattle; you don't know much about them as yet. What's this I hear about you and that pretty cousin of yours?"

I shook my head and laughed, and with a hasty nod, he settled himself down comfortably into his gig, and Minnie settled herself down into a long striding trot, which got over a lot of ground in the least possible time.

The next day I got a letter, which puzzled me excessively. It was written in a weak scrawling hand, with the faintest of purple ink, and was from no less a person than Lady Margaret Munroe, aunt and chaperon to Miss Elliott. The letter, which was long and rambling, began with many apologies, and was written to ask me to call at the Abbey as soon as possible, that very afternoon if convenient, to ask for her, and kindly not to mention it. With much inward wonderment and curiosity, I found myself at the Abbey door about three that same afternoon.

It was evidently expected, for before I could open my lips the footman said, "Lady Margaret, sir? Yes, her ladyship is at home," and I was ushered into a very pretty little sitting-room, where Lady Margaret, whom I had seen before, but never spoken to, rose in visible trepidation to receive me. She was a nice soft old thing, about sixty, with white delicate hands, laden with rings and shaded with lace ruffles, one of which she extended to me.

"Oh, Mr. Scott, it is so good of you to come. I am sure—I never expected—at least, I did not think—it must seem so odd, and really I don't know what to say."

I could only assure her of my happiness to oblige her in any matter, and then, to give her a little time, I spoke of the weather, so bright and unusual for the beginning of November; and then asked for Miss Elliott, who, I was sorry to hear, had not been well. Lady Margaret gave a short nervous cough and then burst out:

"Oh, Mr. Scott, I don't know what to say, nor how to say it. But you know she never has been denied anything. I remember when she was six, she cried for two hours because her monkey died, and we had to drive to the Zoological Gardens at midnight to get her another, and the place was shut up, and it has been always the same thing, we have had to do it over again, and I thought I would have died, and I'm sure I shall, some day."

This was such a self-evident proposition that I did not venture to contradict it, although driving over and over again to the Zoological Gardens after closing hours was more worthy of note.

"You see," she continued with a little gasp, which threatened to end in a sob, "she is very different from other girls; and she and dear Jack Macdougall have really quarreled this time, and she said, oh, such a dreadful thing; she said she would rather be blown out of a cannon—a real cannon, not that thing that that Mademoiselle something does—than marry him, and, of course, what could he say?"

The number of "that" which Lady Margaret managed to jumble together did not tend to enlighten me.

"I never thought they were suited," she went on, "but I thought they might have got on. But a cannon, it's too dreadful, and he said he'd light the match rather than marry her, so you see they can't marry now."

"No; if they are both of that opinion, certainly not," I replied, smothering a laugh. "It's a good thing they made the discovery before instead of after the marriage."

"Of course," she answered; "I am not altogether sorry for that; but oh, I am forgetting; and you have never said you will do it, and it is from a selfish motive that I ask it. She would think nothing of rushing off to Norway; she did it before, when a new gardener killed all the vines; and oh, Mr. Scott, I am not so young as I once was, and this is such dreadful weather for

traveling. The thermometer was at fifty this morning. The very idea make me shiver."

And shiver she did, as she drew a soft creamy shawl closer around her, and poked the fire helplessly and pathetically.

"But what can I do?" I asked, almost ready to shake her. "And what has happened, what has died, or been killed?"

"I don't know; I know I will. It is about your pony; she does not say anything about it, but she watches from her sitting-room window for hours, and when she does not speak, I never know what she will do next. Oh, just listen," as I was about to speak; "I know she behaved dreadfully, but one can't make rules for her like any one else. Will you sell me the pony? I don't care what money I give you; it won't be like selling it to her, you know. I don't care what I pay for it; I am sure peace is a thing I would buy on any terms."

"I cannot sell her to any one, and least of all to Miss Elliott; I am surprised you do not see it."

"But to me, Mr. Scott," she returned eagerly. "It is a very different thing. I might buy it for my own use."

"It is quite the same thing," I replied shortly; "selling it to you would be virtually selling it to Miss Elliott. Does she know of your proposition?"

Lady Margaret looked ready to faint.

"Oh, dear no. I don't know what she would do if she heard of it. Please don't mention it to any one; only yesterday she——"

At this moment the subject of our conversation entered and we both looked like a pair of thieves detected in robbing a church. Her attire was sombre enough even to have suited the fastidious Agnes. She wore a trailing dress of velvet, the color of autumn leaves, and a dark shawl.

"Why, Aunt Margaret?" and she looked at her in great surprise.

"This is Mr. Scott, of Glenmire, whom we met at the Macdougalls'," began her aunt fussily and hastily.

"I know," she said indifferently, with a careless bow; "only I thought you were alone. Aren't you going to have tea soon?"

"Yes, yes, dear," and she rung the bell and began talking of everything under the sun.

* * * * * *

I hastened home through the frosty air, while the dry leaves crackled and broke beneath my tread. I was revolving a weighty problem in my mind and a great struggle was going on in my heart. Give up Dapple Grey after all? It really would be too foolish, but would it not be worse than foolish to refuse. Would I grudge Dapple Grey to her, if by that means I might sometimes see her? Would I grudge the half, the whole of my kingdom, might I only be allowed to kiss the hem of her garment? I stopped short in my rapid walk and passionately stretched up my hands to the still, solemn stars, and as though a wind had swept over my spirit and left it suddenly enlightened, I cried out:

"There is only one woman in the whole world to me; rather let me sometimes be near her, gaze on her, speak to her, than be the husband of a Queen Regnant!"

Yes, I, Hector Scott, whose pulses had never gone a whit faster for any woman during all my thirty years, stood trembling, shaking at the bare thought—of what?

Of a pair of sad eyes never to be turned with a sudden flash of pleasure to mine; of a careless voice never to take on a strange new cadence when addressed to me; of a hand, trembling like a captured dove, clasped in mine; of the summer days without the sun; of the woods with the singing birds flown; of my life without Diana Elliott.

Next day I found great difficulty in carrying out my intentions. I tore up a countless number of sheets of paper in endeavoring to couch my meaning in courteous terms. At last I wrote:

"I refused to sell Dapple Grey, and do not care to let him out on hire. If youwill accept him as a gift, send you groom for him, and——"

Here a shadow fell across the writing-table and, looking up, I saw Miss Elliott slowly passing the low window. I at once hastened to it and opened it as she, hearing the noise, turned round.

"Good morning. Is Mrs. Grey at home? I thought, as this is in the country, I would waive ceremony and would come across this morning."

"Yes, I think so," I stammered, confused at her unexpected appearance. "Will you come in?" and the bare idea of seeing her under my roof made my head swim.

Once in, she was curious enough. Sat down on my chair, looked to see what ink and whose pens I used, wandered round the room looking at pictures and books, and then came back to the table.

"But what a litter!" she repeated; "all these torn letters."

"I was trying to write a letter," I said with a sudden resolve; "and I found it very difficult to say what I wanted."

"Was it a private letter or a business letter?" she asked; "I have business letters to write, and I can do them so well, you can't think."

"Perhaps you will help me with mine?" I asked, handing her that which I had been writing before her appearance. "This is what I want to say, but I am not sure it will please the person to whom it is written. If there is anything in it likely to offend, will you tell me how to frame my meaning in more acceptable terms?"

She took the letter, puzzled and amused. Then she read it through, turned from red to pale, and then to red again. Slowly she twisted the paper between her fingers, but never looked up. Her silence gave me a little confidence.

"Well," I said, "how shall I write that which I cannot say?"

"You know I cannot," she said in a low voice. "It is utterly absurd; what would people say?"

"Do you care so much for what people say?" I asked softly. "And besides, who is to know, except you and me? Let it be supposed to be a simple business transaction; you wished the mare, I sold her."

"Nonsense," she said, with a touch of her old coldness and pride, "I would know it, and—and—you."

"And you will not have something in common with me, not even such a little secret?" I asked reproachfully.

She suddenly stretched her clasped hands across the table and looked up into my face, where I stood opposite, and I was surprised to see a tear glistening on her long eye-lashes.

"I don't want to be ungracious," she said, with a sweet dignity, but very gently, "but I cannot accept your great kindness. I have nothing I value as you value her; I cannot offer an equivalent."

"But you are able to give me something which is priceless, something no one else can, which is worth the whole world to me."

She did not speak, and I continued:

"Give me your presence sometimes. Not often, let the times be few and far between, if you grudge me this happiness. Only let me see you sometimes. Ah!" I cried with a burst of intense longing, "so very little for you to give, so much, so very much, for me to receive."

She looked down and blushed a deep red, while she slipped her fingers restlessly under a thick gold bracelet which she wore.

"You are not exorbitant," she said at last.

"This is my price," I said decidedly. "You told me once everything had its price. I said rudely, boorishly, you had not discovered Dapple Grey's. You know it now; will you pay it?"

"Suppose I will not?" She said this without looking at me, but dreamily out of the window.

"I refuse to suppose any such thing," I retorted passionately.

She sighed, but something, as she turned away, led me to lean forward and lay my hand lightly on hers, which was not withdrawn.

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall," I quoted. "Will you finish it for me?"

"Don't you know the end?" she asked, suddenly laying her other hand on the top of mine. "When a man says, 'I worship,' what can a woman say? She must wait in silence till he says, 'I love.'"

I drew her closer and closer to my heart, "Sweet, I love," I whispered, as I bent my head to hers, and she did not turn away.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Grey and Agnes were very much surprised when they heard what I had to tell them, and Mrs. Grey looked very wise and said, "One marriage made many," which speech, taken in conjunction with Aggie's blushes and the Rev. Mr. Simpson's many visits, led me to believe that the clerical Adonis had crept into my little cousin's heart. Shortly after, their engagement was public announced, and if every wooing is happy which does not take long a-doing, surely they will have a good modicum of earthly bliss.

"Archie," I said one day, as I watched him superintending Dapple Grey's dinner, "I am going to be married."

"Are ye sae? Weel, weel, least said soonest mended; fowk ken their ain business best."

"Don't you want to know who the lady is?" I asked, piqued at his indifference.

"Hoot, toot, lad, what differ does it mak' wha it is? A' lasses are meikle the same. Silly brainless craiters. A hair o' Dapple Grey's mane is worth mair than the hail cleckin' o' them."

"Well, you had better make the most of her. Dapple Grey won't be long at Glenmire."

The old man raised his bowed form and looked me full in the face.

"Is't the meer, sir? Ye 'll no hae sauld her?" he asked in sudden terror.

"No, but I have given her to Miss Elliott; she always fancied her, you know," I added maliciously.

Archie's look of astonishment and rage was almost ludicrous.

"The meer?" he ejaculated. "Gi'en awa'? Tae you lass up by. I nair heard the like! Gi'en awa'? The bonniest beast about the place. Gude guide us; the laddie's clean daft. She'll just ding her ain harns oot and ding the meer useless, which wud be the worse job o' the twa. She'll no be fit for a tatie bogle or the month's oot."

"No, no, Archie," I said laughing. "Unless I am very much mistaken, Dapple Grey will find herself in clover for the rest of her life."

"Clover!" in huge disdain. "I wonner tae hear ye, Maister Hector, an' you a wise-like buddy that kens something o' what a beast aud be gi'en. If the meer is allowed to stam herself wi' clover, it's no long she'll be for this warl. Ye talk like a bairn. Clover, quotha, in the month o' November forbye; Dapple Grey, that has been used tae her three feeds o' gude corn as reg'lar as a Christian."

With some difficulty I got Archie to comprehend that clover was but a metaphorical expression for everything that was good, and wound up by saying:

"And now, Archie, I daresay you can guess who the lady is that I am going to marry; and I have been thinking you must just go up to the Abbey with the mare and look after her there, of course still as my servant."

A grin of pleasure lighted up his grim features upon hearing that he and his favorite were not to be parted.

"Weel, weel, laddie, I daresay ye hae the right o' it. Gin you lassie tuk it into her heid tae gie the meer a watery blash o' clover or neeps, or sic like dirt, there had better be ane wi' a pickle sense tae hinner her."

* * * * * *

Diana and I were married next spring, just when the beech woods were donning their spring garb of tender green. About a month later Mr. Simpson and Aggie cast in their lot together, to the great satisfaction of Mrs. Grey, and also, I should think, of the bridegroom's aunt, as it afforded her an excuse for surprising Teviotdale with a cap which was fearfully and wonderfully made. Dapple Grey is alive, and like to live, and most absurdly spoilt. The six years which have passed since she moved her stable from Glenmire to the Abbey seem but to have rendered her more frolicsome and obstinate than ever. She is, however, pretty often in requisition now, for as I write I see Archie leading her past, with my son and heir, a sturdy young man of five, with wide-open eyes and temper of his own, perched on her back. Dapple Grey only remembers her years, and walks with a becoming sobriety when she feels those small fingers in her mane. Wicked and skittish, she may still occasionally be, but she goes where that baby voice directs her, and that baby hand could lead her all the world over with a silken thread.

"Elliott," it is my wife's voice I hear, "come in; it is lesson time."

"Not yet, mother. Archie says he will take me to Glenmire to see Aunt Margaret, and I am to ride Dapple Grey."

"Not just now, sweetheart; you shall go to Glenmire after dinner."

"I want to go now," and the voice has a pretty wilful ring in it which reminds me of another. "I must go to Aunt Margaret's just now."

"Must, Elliott! No one says 'must' to mother except father; now come in at once."

"Father never says must to you, mother," retorted the little beggar saucily.

"He said must not to me once when I wanted to ride Dapple Grey, Elliott."

The boy slid off his perch and ran to his mother's side.

"Did he say that to you?" he said in a tone of astonishment. "Was it very long ago, as long as before I was born?"

Archie gave a dry laugh, as the two went into the house together, and I joined them.

"Ay, I'm thinking it was lang syne, since ye said that tae her, an' I jalouse it was na' said very often. Yon laddie is the bonniest, brawest laddie as ever I seen, an' he sits the meer already like a man; as for his mither, he hearkens till her lichest word sooner than if anither sirove with him for an hour. An' the meer took till her frae the first, an' she is a cannie beastie, an' kens mair nor she lets on. Come awa', Dapple Grey, my woman, eh, sirs, Maister Hector, I'm an auld man, an' sud think shame to be changing my mind at my time of life, but yon's an extraordinar' clever leddy, an' I dinna mind confessing that I think whiles the gray mare's the better horse."

[THE END.]

Scientific and Useful.

MULTIPLE KEY.—A multiple has been invented which is said to be capable of making or breaking two or more electric currents at the same time. It is claimed that the instrument will record variations of 1-1000th of a second.

GLASS FLOORS.—A warehouse in Paris has been built with glass floors. The initial cost is considerably more than that of the ordinary floor, but, in view of the fact that toughened glass is so much more durable than wood, the experiment is likely to prove cheaper in the end.

THE LAST PLAN.—The latest engineering and ship canal idea is to dispense with the 24 locks in the Welland canal leading from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, and to make the whole drop of 326 feet between these two lakes in two pneumatic balance locks, built of steel, operated by compressed air, and large enough to admit vessels of ocean draught. The greatest lock now in existence is on the Manchester Ship canal, 45 feet high.

ANTISEPTIC PAPER.—An antiseptic paper, which, it is stated, may be applied over wounds and fixed in position with a bandage, can be prepared by impregnating sheets of unsized paper with mercuric chloride. This is dissolved in the proportion of two and a half drachms to a pint of distilled water (previously sterilised by boiling) and six drachms of pure glycerine added. After thoroughly soaking, the paper is allowed to dry, and is then ready for use.

BUSTS AND STATUES.—A correspondent of a scientific journal states that a bust or statue can be most thoroughly cleaned, provided it has not been painted, oiled, or waxed, by inverting it and filling it with water free from iron. The water is then allowed to filter through the plaster. After the filtering has been kept up for a sufficient time, and the outside surface occasionally washed with water and a soft brush, the plaster is allowed to dry. It is then found that all the dust has been wiped out of the pores of the cast, which is thus restored to its original whiteness.

Farm and Garden.

BERRIES.—Currants and gooseberries do quite as well in the partial shade of medium sized orchard trees as if fully exposed to the sun. Blackberries and raspberries may also be grown between the trees in an orchard, but if so one must not forget to make double applications of plant food, otherwise the trees or the small fruits will be starved. Successful double cropping must be accompanied by double feeding.

DISEASE.—When any kind of contagious disease appears on a farm no one should go into the yards or pens and then into the adjoining farm, as the smallest particle of dirt or manure may serve to carry the disease to the neighbor's flock or herd. Even the walking across a field upon which diseased cattle or sheep have access may be the means of spreading it to other flocks or herds. All diseased animals should be separated from those that are healthy.

HOGS.—When hogs are being fattened they are higher fed and have very little exercise. Under such conditions they are liable to acidity of the stomach, and ashes, salt, lime and charcoal are sought by the hogs to correct this and answer the demands of the blood. No doubt that in lieu of these, the sulphur and other elements of coal are sought for the same purpose. The pig readily finds out what his stomach and blood needs if given a chance. Many swine growers have referred to this matter, noting that fattening hogs like fine coal.

HORSES.—It is said that the Arabs have two methods of estimating what will be the height of horses. By the first a cord is stretched from the nostrils over the ears and down along the neck. This distance is compared with that from the withers to the feet. The colt will grow as much taller as the first distance exceeds the second. By the other method the distance between the knee and the withers is compared with that from the knee to the coronet. If it has reached the proportion of two to one the horse will grow no taller.

DON'T ALLOW YOURSELF to trifle with a Cold, and so encourage the development of some latent Pulmonary and Bronchial disease, which often ends fatally. You had better cure your Cough or Cold by promptly resorting to Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, and old-time remedy for all Coughs, Lung and Throat affections.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

ISSUED WEEKLY AT 726 SANSOM ST.

A. E. SMYTHE, Publisher.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 20, 1895.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
[IN ADVANCE.]

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Of Necessity.

"Necessity has no Law," the proverb paradoxically tells us; not because it is lawless, but because it is in itself a law, and moreover because it is so strong that it imposes laws upon all of us. Necessity is shunned and disliked, and has been pretty fairly abused. There is not one complimentary epithet applied to it; it is called savage, bitter, harsh, violent, unfriendly, sudden and unforeseen, urgent, pressing, hard, rigid, inevitable and insuperable. And yet what has it not done for man? It has long ago been called the mother of Invention, and one hardly need say that the daughter has been the chief benefactress of the world.

The uses of adversity are sweet, because with them comes grim, ungainly, harsh but kindly necessity. A man who is dandled and nuzzled like a baby, is a baby all his life. He never knows what really is in him or what he can do until he is forced to do something. When a a dog or a young child is thrown into the water it will strike out of necessity, as we say. The battle of life is generally fought under difficulties, with the sun in our faces, up hill, without aid, and with a strong foe pressing us just as we are spent.

Troubles, opposition, crosses and disappointments are the ladders by which the true man rises. "What is poverty," said a German writer, "that a man should murmur at it? It is the pain which a maiden feels when her ear is pierced, and we hang a precious jewel in the wound."

"Difficulty," said Burke, "is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of the parental guardian and instructor who knows us better than we know ourselves, as He loves us better than we do. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill; our antagonist is thus our helper."

Let us say, then, that man is the creature (the word is a bad one, but we will continue to use it) of circumstances over which he has control. If he has strength, he bends those circumstances to his own benefit or purpose. He is just like a nurse with a baby; if the nurse knows her business, she stills, conquers and moulds the child to her times and wants; if she is weak, the baby conquers her. If we are foolish, we are indeed the creatures of circumstance and the sport of accident, but if we are wise we mould them to our good. The act of seizing opportunities, and of turning accident to account, is the proof of a great man. The Marquis of Worcester has been quoted as having, when a prisoner, discovered the power of steam by seeing a flask containing some wine thrown on a fire, and observed that the steam generated therein blew the cork out. There, said he, was force. He was not overborne by that little exhibition, but set to and thought it out.

What was to every body else a mere commonplace matter, happening every day in the week, and calling forth no observation, was to him something very wonderful, and worthy of acute study. But the necessity which had thrown him into the Tower gave him time and leisure to think. He was mastered by fate in one way, but he rose superior to fate in another, and made a brilliant discovery rather than continue unknown and unnoticed, like the hundreds of other prisoners who have bent to fortune, and rotted in their dungeons in ignoble despair.

Man is an indolent animal, and fond of ease. Give him the surroundings of a soft sky, a warm sun, a beautiful atmosphere, winds that fan his cheeks softly, birds that sing about him, breezes that waft spicy scents upon the gale, and a kindly mother earth, which if you "tickle her with a hoe laughs with a harvest," and it is not difficult to say what man becomes. Without exertion he falls into utter luxury. He abandons energy, and, like the companions of Ulysses, lies down in the pleasant vales, content to dwell in poverty so long as he is able to live in indolence. The benefits of nature, the very gifts of God, seem to be thrown away upon ungrateful man. If we place him in an inland where all nature smiles, he becomes too often cruel, lazy, inactive, sensual and luxurious; but if it be pinched by necessity, he at once throws off luxurious vices and rises to a full moral height.

The most fertile and productive portions of the earth are not those really made so by nature, but those wherein man has had to struggle with nature. Barren Scotland produces more than fertile and productive Sicily; the land of Holland, often pinched with cold, and defended from the sea only by the incessant industry and watchfulness of its inhabitants, is a hundred times more valuable than the same quantity of land in Jamaica, which teems with great fertility.

True enough indeed is it then that "Necessity, oftener than facility, has been the mother of invention; and that the most prolific school of all has been the school of difficulty. Some of the best workmen in the world have had the most indifferent tools to work with." But it is not tools that make the workman; it is the man who rises above the broken tool, the bad vehicle, the bar in his progress, the difficulty which surrounds him.

How much wisdom is to be learnt from the words in the old Apologue or history of Samson, that out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness. Pushed forward by the force which nature puts upon him, man can and does arrive at wonderful results. The cruelties which nature or his fellow-man subjects him to prove almost always the bountiful kindness.

Men, who complain of fate, of position, of Providence, are weak and foolish. Every man and every nation, like every flower, moss, lichen, tree, or animal, is fitted, beautifully fitted, for its or his place. Therein, necessity is inexorable.

A black man who lives delightedly in the torrid zone, and who works with what energy he has under the rays of a burning sun, has little chance under the North Pole. Necessity fits him for his sphere as to climate and country, but beyond that it will urge him to make his land beautiful, his mind cultivated, his position dignified, his aspirations grand and heavenward. Let him, as men and nations too often do, neglect these urgings, and in a short time he will not hear them.

The heart grows dulled, the brain torpid with indolence; the nation declines from its position; the man sinks to the savage; still, work must be done. Other men seize him and enslave him; he is bound to work; all nature is stirring; there is no pause, no let, no hindrance. The race of mankind has commenced; it is at its swiftest pace; let one fall, another takes his place, urged onward by that which is the mistress of us all, beautiful necessity.

CHILDREN hunger perpetually for new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they deem drudgery to study in books; and, even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of many educational advantages, they will grow up intelligent if they enjoy in childhood the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. A silent home is a dull place for young people—a place from which they will escape if they can. How much useful information, on the other hand, is often in pleasant conversation, and what unconscious, but excellent mental training is lively, social argument!

EQUALITY of rank there can never be; equality of wealth there can never be; equality of intellect there can never be; equality of influence there can never be. Such is the ordinance of God's providence. In the will of man, as in the world of nature, there must always be the molehills as well as the mountains, and the thistles as well as the forest trees. But equality of hopes, equality of aims, equality of essential happiness, equality of pure and true thoughts, there may be; and equality of common destiny there is.

IT is one of Ruskin's pithy sayings that "the obstinacy of the mean man is in the pronunciation of 'I,' and the obstinacy of the great man in the pronunciation of It.'" This difference may be said to divide all energetic men and women into two general classes—those who are bent upon establishing themselves, and those who are bent upon establishing something which they hold more important.

NEVER anticipate an evil. The dog does not suffer so much as the man, because he does not feel any pain until the blow that hurts him has been struck, while the man fears that he will be struck, and so suffers twice instead of once. An Eastern proverb says, "He is miserable once who meets with ill-fortune, but twice who fears it before it comes."

IT is only when our path leads down into some dark gorge of trial where no sunbeams fall, that we learn the worth of the lamps of heavenly promise. Their beams shone dimly as we walked in the sunshine of human joy and strong earthly hope; but now, in the darkness, they flash out in brilliancy, and change night into day.

A GOOD servant, imagination is the proverbial bad master. Holding the torch, it enables the leader of the intellectual forces to find the right way. When it assumes the place of leader on its own account, it lands the whole cohort in the morass of absurdity, and leaves them there.

THERE are ways enough of advantageously helping our fellow-men, provided we keep in view the grand leading principle not to paralyze or deaden their faculties by withdrawing the stimulus to action, but to improve and develop them by every effort we make in their behalf.

I KNOW of but one safe thing in the universe—and that is truth. And I know of but one way to truth for an individual mind—and that is unfettered thought. And I know of but one path for the multitude to truth—and that is, thought freely expressed.

POOR is the education which neglects the muscles while it tries to inform the mind; the highest life is ever the apt perfection of the two—the shrine of soul set fair in the temple of body.

KEEP the horrors at arm's-length. Never turn a blessing round to see whether it has a dark side of it.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

O. V. W.—We do not publish the story in book form.

F. H.—Conard, from the German, means "able counsel."

FLO.—The renumeration would depend on the skill of the lady; long practice is required to make a good shorthand writer.

N. A. Q.—We do not know the book you mention. You might write, asking about it, to Porter & Coates, Publishers, this city.

MACAROON.—Macaroons used to be called March panes, from the mediæval Latin, Martis panes, "Bread of March." The recipe for the making of macaroons is very old.

ARTHUR.—The length of an engagement depends on so many circumstances with which no one but the parties concerned have anything to do, that it is impossible for us to advise you how long it should last.

S. P.—Physicians are pronouncing that it is highly injurious to children's eyes to have lights burning in their bedrooms; for instead of allowing perfect rest to their optic nerves this keeps them in action.

W. S. W.—If the picture really bears the date of 1324 it must have been put on as a joke. Oil painting, in the ordinary use of the term, only came into use after the year 1400. If the painting is of any value it is simply on account of its merits, and any picture dealer will give you some estimate of its age and price.

L. O.—An excellent liquid blacking for shoes is made thus: Rub together 1 pound of finely powdered ivory black; ¾ pound of treacle and 2 ounces of sweet oil, until the oil is perfectly killed; then add 1 pint each of beer and vinegar. To make a paste blacking, rub together 1 pound of treacle, 1¼ pounds of ivory black and two ounces sweet oil. Add to this a gill of vinegar, and allow the mixture to stand a day or two before using.

LOTTA.—There are private instructors who teach elocution to young persons who wish to become actors or actresses, and give them a good deal of information about the business of the theatrical profession. But no one can learn to be an actor in that way. He must get a subordinate situation on the stage, and, unless he happens to be a genius, work his way up by slow degrees, doing a great deal of hard and disagreeable work for small pay.

NORTH-WEST.—Gold is employed for the hooks and rings of ear-rings for the simple reason that gold does not rust like iron or tin, nor acquire a deposit of verdigris like copper. Apart from the reason that the wearer is thus preserved from all risk of blood poisoning, it is also clear that as ear-rings are worn as a decoration, to wear them of iron or tin instead of gold would defeat the main object desired.

R. L. G.—The custom of showing the flag at half mast originated from the way at sea of showing the pre-eminence one ship had over the other in time of warfare. The vanquished always had to lower its flag, while the victor's would be raised as high as possible in exultation. To lower a flag is an act of submission, or betokens respect to a superior, or is a signal of distress. The hoisting of a flag half mast high came to be used, therefore, as a sign of mourning and respect.

F. B. B.—The motto "Honi soit qui mal y pense," "Evil (or shame) to him who evil thinks," was said to have been the indignant remonstrance of Edward III. when he saw a smile on the faces of some guests when the beautiful Countess of Salisbury dropped the blue ribbon that formed her garter. Tradition says that he tied it round his own knee, adding, "I will make the proudest noble in the land to think it an honor to wear this band," and he then instituted the "Order of the Garter."

R. J. W.—To remove paint from stone, common washing soda has been effective. It must be dissolved in hot water, and applied hot. A correspondent who has tried it says he found that three pounds of soda to a gallon of water, laid on with a common paint brush, answered the purpose admirably, softening the paint in a short time, so that it was easily removed with a stiff scrubbing brush. Afterwards, on adding a few ounces of potash to the solution, it softened it more readily than with the soda only. The stone in both cases was a fine freestone.

MINSTREL.—Clytemnestra was the wife of Agamemnon, King of Argos. He went to the Trojan War, and when he returned she murdered him, as well as Cassandra, and would have murdered her son Orestes if he had not fled. Clytemnestra then married Ægisthens, and after seven years of absence Orestes returned and murdered them both to avenge the murder of his father, Agamemnon. In this he was assisted by his friend, Pylades, with whom he had been brought up at his uncle's court. The Greek tragedies are very grand in poetry, but the subjects are often repulsive.

E. H.—Manuscripts intended for publication should be written in a clear, legible hand, and all the rules of grammatical construction strictly adhered to. Unless a person understands capitalization of proper names, ordinary punctuation and paragraphing, it would be useless to attempt to furnish literary material to this or any other publication. Still another most important matter should be borne in mind: A serial story, or sketch, or poem, no matter how beautifully penned, if devoid of incident, adventure, or sympathy, is not considered worth the paper upon which it is written.

FLYING-FISH.

BY M. MONELL SCOTT.

Out where the sky and the sky-blue sea
Merge in a mist of sheen
There started a vision of silver things,
A leap and a quiver, and flash of wings,
The sky and the sea between.

Is it of birds from the blue above
Or fish from the depths that be,
Or is it the ghosts,
In silver hosts,
Of birds that were drowned at sea?

Lady Jane's Jam Pot.

BY E. L. S.

A MONTH of sunshine! A whole month, and the result? Well, I leave you to judge for yourselves.

On a Scottish moor was a farm-house, and it and the moor formed part of a young Laird's property; this farm he let not long ago to a young Mrs. Alleyn, whose husband had been ordered to some unlivable climate, and so declined her sweet wish to accompany him; and times being bad, the moor was rented that same year to a friend of the Laird's, Sir Marmaduke Cairns.

Mrs. Alleyn was young, pretty, and sociable. She had two little children, and for their sakes, as much as her own, decamped during the captain's absence to this solitude in the wilds. After a week she found the solitude unbearable, and wrote a pathetic and tragic account to a young woman of fashion, who knew just how much to believe, and how much to let slide. Anyway, this young woman packed all her "old rags" in one medium-sized trunk, and departed from Town one glorious July evening for the north of Aberdeenshire.

She traveled all night and into the following day, when, thirsty, hot, tired, hungry, sick with hope deferred, and very dusty, she at last heard the welcome name of her destination echoing down the platform. In another moment she had alighted, and sought for her friend. A rustic came up, and in broad Scotch, enquired if she were the Lady Jane Dunlop, and if so, would she kindly just "bide a wee" for the other lady who was coming.

Lady Jane promptly sat down on her trunk, opened her parasol, and declared her intention to bide any number of "wees," whatever they might be, so long as her reward would eventually appear.

In less than five minutes wheels were heard, and then a figure flew through the apology for a station and up to the lady on the box.

"Jenny, you angel! You've never come?"

"Pears like it," said Lady Jane. "Why were you not here to meet me?"

"Oh, my dear, my dear! I'll tell you all about that as we drive along." Then, pointing to the modest little trunk, "That all? Here, porter, take this out to the cart."

"What have you got?" asked Lady Jane. "Donkey-shay?"

"Exactly! How did you guess? Pony lost a shoe coming here, so stopped at the blacksmith's—man out—only wife at home—said he would not be back for quarter-of-an hour—saw donkey cropping the grass—unharnessed the pony, and came to meet your ladyship with this."

"Ripping! Does it go?"

"Like winking."

"Cis, you're worth your weight in gold."

Mrs. Alleyn prodded the ass with the point of her parasol, and turned to look at her friend.

"Angel, that you are. Whatever made you come?"

"You, of course. What else do you suppose?"

Pause, employed in shoving on the donkey.

"Your people mind?"

"Not they. Heard from Captain Alleyn lately?"

And so on, as women will when they get together after a lapse of time, and can be as disjointed and disconnected as they please, sure of mutual understanding.

When they finally reached the farm, Lady Jane went mad. She had been boxed up in London for two months of the season, sorely against her will, and in need of a vent.

"You blessed old thing, you! You mean to say we are absolutely alone here, and can do any mortal thing we like without being spied upon?"

"Anything—absolutely anything."

'Seems like Heaven!" said Lady Jane with a sigh, and then she hugged the children and rolled them over in the heather, and behaved like the March hare and the hatter in one.

Ten blissful days passed lazily by, no newspapers, unless they went two miles off, to the village, to buy them, and precious few letters, because the gay world from which they were voluntary exiles respected their wish for solitude as a salve to their consciences just at this "busy time."

Then, at the end of ten days, the Laird suddenly made his appearance, having ridden over from the Castle; he put up his horse and came in to luncheon.

Lady Jane was most awfully pleased to see him, so was Mrs. Alleyn; but they neither wanted the other to guess as much, so both said it was a "great bore" his coming in this way; but of course it could not be helped, and they must just make the best of it!

Their best was apparently so much better than anything he was accustomed to in his farms, that it ended in his staying the whole afternoon, and joining in a tea picnic that had been promised to the children, and could not be abandoned solely on his account.

After this he got into the way of dropping in at the farm whenever he was in the neighborhood, and Lady Jane and Mrs. Alleyn gave up the little ruse of calling him a bore, and smiled upon him openly, and agreed it was a very good thing to see a man sometimes. Women were apt to rusticate if left too long to themselves.

Mrs. Alleyn asked him one day if he would be shooting there on the 12th.

"I shan't," he replied, "but Cairns probably will. You know, I've let this moor to him."

"So you have. I forgot. When does he come?"

"To-morrow, I believe. Have you ever met him?"

"Yes, my husband knows him. He's very nice, I fancy."

"Oh, very. Good sort all round."

When they were once more alone, Lady Jane turned to her friend. "Cis," she said, "I've got a bet about that man."

"What, the Laird?"

"No, no. the Jam-pot."

"Jam-pot?"

"Well, Marmalade, if you like it better."

Mrs. Alleyn stopped in her work as though she were thinking.

"You dear old goose, I mean Cairns, of course. If he's Cairns, he must be Marmalade; and if he's Marmalade, he must be in a jam-pot. Fancy having to explain that!"

"Well, what's your bet?"

"Why Ted—one of the Ansons, you know—bet me ten pounds that he would propose to me. They say he wants a wife, and Teddy thinks, finding me up in these wilds, he'll look upon me as a gift straight from above."

"Jenny, really!"

"That's what he said, darling. I'm only quoting his words."

"Well, and what do you mean to do?"

"Get the ten pounds, my love. Times being bad, and me but the daughter of an Irishman."

"Then you don't want to meet this man, I suppose?"

"Not want to meet him? Of course I do, and have some fun."

"Fun with you, my dear, usually means mischief."

"Well, anyway, I've got to play fair. Teddy said, provided I made myself agreeable, as I usually do, and looked nice and all that sort of thing, in short played the game, he'd bet any amount that the old thing would recognize me as another orange, fit for the family jar. See?"

Mrs. Alleyn smiled under protest. "I don't believe he is old," she said thought fully.

"May be not. Let's look him up in the book. Thirty-five; thirty-five this year. Just ripe for picking."

"Jenny! And you took the bet?"

"Yes, double or quits."

"Well, I spec's you'll lose."

Lady Jane answered with decision. "I spec's I won't," quoth she.

The Laird's mother, a sweet, charming gentle old lady, who seldom left the house, save to tootle round the grounds in a wheel-chair, wrote, at this time, a pretty note to her son's tenant, explaining the reason she could not call in person, and begging, as a favor to an invalid, that she and Lady Jane would go to see her.

So after breaking the ice they went fairly often, sometimes to lunch in state, and sometimes to tea informally; and finally to dine and sleep there on the night of the 12th. The Castle was full of guests, all in good spirits; the men had had capital sport, and of course that pleased the women; and the two exiles rejoiced to find themselves back in their own element after three weeks of vegetation.

Naturally enough after that they came to be included regularly in the Castle programme, and Sir Marmaduke being of a friendly spirit, and having only men at his little box the other side of the moor, was wont to arrange that the best place for luncheon was near the farm-house, where it was hardly to be expected that Mrs. Alleyn and her friend should partake of frugal fare, within four walls, when there was enough and to spare in the sunshine without.

They very soon came to be one large party, either the Castle people shot on Sir Marmaduke's moor, or Sir M. and his friends shot over the Laird's moor. It was a most happy arrangement, and it was wonderful how handy, not to say attractive, this particular farm proved on a hot afternoon for tea.

Folk said that the Laird and Sir Marmaduke slipped off sometimes and left their guests to shoot alone for almost an hour on one side of the moor, and after this had happened two or three times, and they found what they said was true, they then started saying a great deal that was absolutely untrue. But, of course, as they were right in the first instance, the other folk to whom they said it naturally believed them incapable of invention, and passed on the gossip with additions.

There were remnants of genteel families living in the little village who made it their business and profit in life to meddle with other people's concerns, and the less Providence had given them to do, so much the more did somebody else find them active and willing workers in the art of detracting from other folks' characters.

They meant no mischief, not they! They were the most guileless souls that ever folded lavender between their party silks, but to repeat what they knew, and to know what they would not venture to repeat! was to them what the sudden apparition of an iceberg would be to a Polar bear entombed in a stuffy menagerie.

They had met Lady Jane and Mrs. Alleyn more than once at the Castle, and admired them in so much as close proximity demanded; but at a distance, and behind their backs, they spoke their minds. They collected in parties at tea, and denounced the fashions of the day, the manners and behavior of the risen generation, and said, "Though they did not mind a good deal themselves," with a nod of the head suggestive of untold naughtiness, "yet these ladies really surprised them all!"

Then Lady Jane and Mrs. Alleyn heard of these murmurs, and one afternoon they swooped down into the village, and asked every blessed soul they met to come up and "Lunch with them and the shooters one day in the following week!"

Those who were asked accepted with alacrity, and rushed off to tell the less fortunate what a sweet pretty dress Mrs. Alleyn had worn, and what simple charming manners Lady Jane had had, and how, after all, they believed there was no harm in them. It was only play.

And when the elder ones heard the younger ones talking like this, they grew frightened, and begged them to remember that everyone must draw the line some where, and their line was good old-fashioned whipcord, not modern silk elastic, like Lady Jane Dunlop's.

So the day came, and the good souls enjoyed it as they had never enjoyed anything in all their lives before. They were so pleased with themselves! They had been so useful! Mrs. Alleyn had said she really did not know what she should have done if they had been prevented coming, and Lady Jane had whispered that men were so difficult to entertain as a rule; but to-day, of course, it was different. And they had laughed and deprecated, though, of course, they knew all the time why it was different.

There was only one thing about which there could be a question raised, and that was a small action just before lunch in connection with a piece of white heather. Lady Jane had happened to light upon some, and, breaking a sprig, had stuck it in her belt. There was nothing in that of course, but afterwards, when the Laird and his friends appeared, there was a good deal of chaff about it, and Sir Marmaduke had produced a noble bunch from his pocket, and offered it on bended knee, before them all, with his hand on his heart.

"I give thee all, I can no more,
Though poor that offering be,"

he had said, and Lady Jane had laughed, and taken it without a blush, and then before them all had given him the little piece already stuck in her belt.

Now about the propriety of this proceeding there was much discussion. Sophy and her mamma were at variance. Sophy said, "It was the most natural thing in the world. Anyone could see that. Lady Jane was accustomed to such things every day, and received attentions as naturally as they were given." Sophy's mamma said, "More's the shame. It was not right to encourage men in that way. She had always understood an offering of white heather to mean a proposal; and if it didn't, and if there was nothing in it, why, pray hadn't some of the men they knew found little bits for them?"

Sophy blushed at the bare idea, and said she "was thankful they hadn't"; and her sisters backed her up, and owned it would have been an altogether different thing; and mamma had said, "Why, pray?" again, in a tone that would have denoted huff in anybody else.

"Because I shouldn't have known what to do," said Sophy despairingly, as though the Laird himself were on his knees before her, waiting her acceptance.

"No," said her sisters, "none of us are equal to that sort of thing. Sophy would have been so overwhelmed by such an honor, that she'd have blushed scarlet, and stood on one leg, and looked at you, and papa, all of us, to see what we thought, and tumbled down, and wriggled up again, and made us a laughing stock wouldn't you, Soph?"

And Sophy assented with sad regret, but mamma told them to "be quiet. She never heard such nonsense. Talking as though they didn't know how to behave!" And the girls murmured, sotto voce, "Neither we do, now we have seen Mrs. Alleyn and Lady Jane."

But this confession of ignorance was more than any fond parent could stand. "I can just tell you," she said with unnecessary warmth, "that it isn't my daughters that are being made laughing stocks, of. No, they are respected wherever they go!" In her flurry she talked as though they were absent for a time from home. "But I know what men think of young women like those two; and Mrs. Alleyn, being married, ought to know as well." Then she left the room with dignity.

"It's all very fine," said that naughty Sophy, after the door was closed, "but mamma thought everything they said and did perfectly right as long as we were with them. It's only now she's thought it over, and heard us talk as though we admired it, that she minds. Oh, girls! It must be nice to be like Lady Jane. What do you think I saw? Only you must never tell mamma."

"Oh, never!" they said, and they pulled up their chairs and craned their necks till their heads all met in a heap, and Sophy proudly began her narrative:

"After lunch the men began to smoke, and everybody talked to everybody else. The Laird and Sir Marmaduke went and sat down close to Lady Jane, both of them, one on each side of her, and she never seemed to notice, but went on talking to Aunt Martha. I should have been so embarrassed, shouldn't you? Well, there they sat, and presently Lady Jane took off her hat, just a common straw, with a ribbon round it, and leant back against a tree. Sir Marmaduke Cairns stretched himself out, and pulled his cap enough over his eyes to look as if he were asleep, but I could see he was awake and watching her. Then the Laird rested himself on one elbow like this," illustrating his attitude on the floor, "and talked quietly to her between the puffs of his cigar. I heard him ask her for a piece of heather, and what do you think she said? Nothing! Just put out her hand and pulled a bit of purple ling, and held it out to him.

"'I don't mean that,' he said. 'You know I don't.'

"She only laughed and threw it away. 'What do you mean then?' she said with her eyes tight shut and her head on one side.

"He never answered, and I quite expected him to get up and go away, but he only waited, smiling at her all the time, till she opened her eyes a tiny wee bit just to see. Then she opened them wide, and laughed so that anybody could hear, and in moving her arm a bit of the white heather fell out of her waist-band without her noticing it, and the Laird covered it with his hand and went on talking!!! Then he looked at his watch and said time was up, and all the men jumped to their feet and shouldered their guns and said 'Good-bye' to the company in general, but he made a little bow to Lady Jane, saying:

"'Thank you for this,' at the same time running the bit of heather through his buttonhole!

"She looked so surprised and said, 'How did you get it?' but he only laughed and

said, Exchange is no robbery. I'll bring you a piece to stick in your hat-ribbon before the day's over, so keep that place for me!' And now I am so anxious, girls, to see her again, if she'll only wear the same hat."

And the girls did not wonder a bit at her anxiety, they felt quite heated with excitement only listening to such a tale. Just fancy how it must feel to be like Lady Jane and have all that.

Meanwhile the two discussed were patting each other on the back, and congratulating themselves on the success of the entertainment. There was a touch of anxiety in Mrs. Alleyn's tone as she said: "I think they enjoyed it, Jenny, don't you?"

"Certain they did," said Lady Jane, with authority. "You could see that by their faces."

"And they'll never know that the men usually dawdle much longer than that over their lunch, will they?"

"Never, dear, unless you tell them."

"You don't think, Jenny, that they seemed to hurry?"

"My dear, the fact of their appearing at all, so impressed them that they've gone away flattered up to the nines. Don't you fear."

All the same there was fear in Mrs. Alleyn's mind, not for them, but on account of Jenny. Everybody was noticing the attention bestowed on her by the chief bachelors of the neighborhood, and knowing Jenny's heart to be of adamant, she feared a finale in one or other direction every day, which, to say the least, would be distinctly awkward.

So at last she spoke, and said they really must not go quite so often to the Castle, or let the men find them in so frequently when they called; in short, they must pull up and make a stand. Lady Jane, however, was of quite an opposite opinion.

"I can't risk that ten pounds," she said. "If I draw back one single inch, it will draw him on a yard, and I shall have him popping to me before you can say 'Jack Robinson.' No, my only chance is to go everywhere, do everything they ask us, and never refuse anything. It's only for another week, Cis, and then I must be off."

"Dear, I don't want you to be talked about."

"As they'll talk anyway, may as well give them some material out of which they can make a profit! Still, I won't deny it's rather tempting sometimes to hang back and see what will happen; but I dare not, Cis. As long as I go on being a friend it's safe enough, but you know a woman's drawing back simply leads a man on, and goodness knows he's going fast enough already."

"But you do like him, dear? Sir M. I mean."

"I love him!"

"No, seriously, Jenny."

"Seriously, I don't mind him—for another week."

"I believe he's in love with you."

"I know that he isn't."

"Everybody thinks so," in a despairing voice.

"My dear, what does it matter to me what everybody thinks? I can read that young man like a book."

"From something the Laird said the other day, I'm sure he thinks he likes you."

"All right. I never said he didn't, did I? You seem very disturbed, Cis."

"You see, dear, I am older than you, and it appears to me that one of you is fooling the other, and I can't satisfy my mind which it is."

Lady Jane laughed. "Don't try," she said.

It was quite true that everybody in that small neighborhood did think Sir Marmaduke was caught at last. He was always ready for fun, and bore the character of being a great flirt; but in this instance they felt he at least was in earnest, for it was not every day a Lady Jane crossed his path so easily, and folk began to look upon it as a fait accompli.

During the last week of Lady Jane's stay they never had one single day's quiet. There was a horse show miles away, to which the Laird drove his coach, returning so late that the Castle had to be turned into an hotel for the night. There was a concert got up on the spur of the moment, in which Lady Jane and Sir Marmaduke acted an amusing duologue between husband and wife. Folk said it was a bold thing to do, but of course it gave publicity to their statements which had only been whispered before.

There was also a moonlight pic-nic to some old ruins, which created no small account of talk, for they say, but one can hardly believe it, that there was Hide and Seek up there in the wilds, and Mrs. Alleyn and Lady Jane rather encouraged than put a stop to the fun.

One fine day it all suddenly ended, for Lady Jane said "Good-bye," and departed alone; and Sir Marmaduke went on shooting as before.

For a week they waited, and then all tongues were let loose. Sir Marmaduke was an honest, scrupulous gentleman, who had found out Lady Jane's duplicity in time to save himself from being caught; and she, Lady Jane, was the fastest flirt that side of the Tweed, who allowed herself to be made a fool of, while other people sat round and laughed.

All this was not very pleasant for Mrs. Alleyn to hear, yet she was powerless to contradict the rumors by setting up an opposition story, purporting to be the true statement of the case, she could only sit and rue the day when her darling Jenny put her in such a fix.

The odd thing was that neither bachelor ceased his attentions at the farm-house. They came just as often and stayed just as long, though Mrs. Alleyn's companion now was only her own mother, a somewhat severe lady, in no wise addicted to the company of young men.

Time went by, and Sir Marmaduke packed up his goods and went South. No one knew whither, not even the Laird, though he rather suspicioned a visit to Ireland in the near future.

One morning, some few weeks later, he rode over to the farm and handed Mrs. Alleyn a couple of letters in the same handwriting, both bearing an Irish postmark.

"I called for yours at the same time as my own," he said, producing a budget from his pocket. "If I may, I'll read a few here."

Mrs. Alleyn assented, and put in her finger to tear open the envelope, when she saw it was marked above the crest: "No. 2 Read the other first."

She laid it down and took up its fellow, the contents ran as follows:

"DUCKIE.—I've won my bet, and Teddy handed me over a cheque this morning. Six months from the day we were introduced, and I haven't set eyes on the 'Jampot' since that farewell at the station. I knew he did not care a button, no more than I did, so now I hope you are satisfied. It was fun, though. If I'm doomed to dullness for evermore, I shall always feel I had a rare old time once in my life. At present I am deadly—deadly—bored. How are you?

"Yours as per usual, JENNY."

Mrs. Alleyn smiled, and looked across at the Laird. He was smiling too, and about to open another letter; she followed his example and read:

"BELOVED CIS.—Sit down while you read this, and have some smelling salts handy. Five hours ago I drove into the village and posted a scrawl to you. Five little ordinary hours, just at twelve o'clock, and, having turned homewards, who should I see right across my path, like a lion in the way, but—'Jam-pot!' I could hardly believe my eyes. He said he had come to see me. Thought I must be dreaming, but had sufficient presence of mind to ask him back to luncheon. He came. Daddy liked him much. They had a long talk afterwards in the library, and then you'll never believe it, but he asked me to marry him. My dear, I was that nonplussed and confused—Yes, I who have always hitherto had an answer ready for every man—that I blushed and stammered, and finally, like one possessed, I said 'No!' Wasn't I an idiot, and a fool, and everything else you can mention? He just looked at me, and said 'No?' as if he couldn't believe it, which irritated me, so I nodded my head, and he went. Went, my love, and I'd give all I possess in the world to go back just three hours out of those five. Darling, I was so surprised, you know. I felt certain he didn't care, and now just supposing he did? If only you were here! I'm the most miserable girl on the face of the earth, and it's all my own fault. I wish I'd never been born. Can you—can you possibly help me? Or get the Laird to, or anybody—only don't let it get about, will you, darling? Keep it private. I feel perfectly sick.

"Yours, JENNY."

Mrs. Alleyn turned the page back and read it all through again. Then she looked at the Laird, and the Laird looked at her.

"I have heard from Cairns."

"Really!" said Mrs. Alleyn. "How does he seem?"

"Badly, poor chap. Awfully badly."

"I'm sorry for that," rather absently. "Does he say why?"

"Yes—he does."

"Oh!"

"You've heard from Lady Jane, haven't you?"

"Yes. I have."

"How does she seem?"

"Badly, poor dear. Awfully badly."

"What in both letters?"

"Both. Second letter," closing it in her hand, "rather worse than the first."

The Laird said "h'm" rather gruffly, and returned to his correspondence. "He writes to me," he said, "that he's lost my bet. I bet him ten pounds, you know, that he would propose to your friend, and he refused—months ago, before I knew there was anything serious in it—so he writes me just a line to say he was a conceited fool, and has got his reward. Poor old chap! he's hard hit, I can see; and is off abroad the end of the week."

Then Mrs. Alleyn rose, and the vials of her wrath were let loose on the Laird's devoted head.

"This is what comes of your betting," she said. "Two people's lives ruined, and you to sit calmly there—you, the cause of all this misery—while they——"

She stopped suddenly at the expression of blank amazement on the man's face before her, and then she laughed, and the storm was over.

The Laird, after promising the most solemn secrecy, and then allowed to read Lady Jane's first letter about the winning of the bet. He noted the lack of triumph in her recording of the fact, and then—then Mrs. Alleyn was guilty, perhaps of a breach of friendship, for she told him a little about that other letter, and the misery it contained.

"Can anything be done?" she questioned. "It's all the most stupid mistake. If only we could get at them, I know it could be put right."

"Yes," said the Laird, and stroked his chin thoughtfully. "Will you write to Lady Jane?" he asked presently.

"Why certainly. Won't you write him?"

"No," still more thoughtfully.

"Why not?"

"Because," looking at his watch, "I think I'll catch the express to-night, and see him in Town to-morrow."

"You will?"

"I will, gladly." The Laird drew himself up out of the chair and stood looking into the fire, then he turned and shook hands.

"Good-bye," said Mrs. Alleyn, "and good luck go with you." She walked with him to the door, and then returned slowly, pondering on an extra idea that had only just communicated itself to her brain. "I wonder," she said to herself, "I very much wonder, indeed. It's a case of 'double or quits' in more senses than one, I verily do believe. Oh! Jenny, Jenny!" and she sighed.

* * * * * *

Three days later she received a telegram.

Two months later there was a wedding.

But, as Mrs. Alleyn observed in mournful silence, the Laird was not at the wedding.

Rewarded.

BY T. E. R.

IT seemed to Kate Chester that the perfection of all things had come that glorious summer day—perfection of things physical and spiritual, as, beneath the quivering shadows and dancing sunglints that flecked from a cloudless sky through the branches of the great horse-chestnut, she sat gathering strawberries—great, luscious strawberries, that Dare Verner thought were not unlike the ripe, juicy richness of her lips—lips altogether too lovely to belong to a girl in such a station in life as she filled.

He had been lounging on the grass, at a little distance from her, a half-hour or more, watching her from under his half-drooped lids, and thinking what a hand and wrist she had, and how much better jewels would have looked there than on Marion Thorne's, for instance.

From where they were, he could hear Marion's voice, singing a fragment of Italian opera, in a cold, classical, correct style, as like the girl as he imagined Kate's voice was like Kate—eager, enthusiastic, sweet.

Kate heard the singing, too, and wondered what the melodious Italian sounds meant; thinking, as strawberry after strawberry dropped from her dainty finger and thumb into the huge, gold-banded punch-bowl on the grass beside her, that for all Marion's money, and style, and position, she would not change places with her—she, a servant of Mrs. Barfield, of Barfield House, who took summer lodgers—she, for whom all the world was goldenly glorified that sweet summer day, because Dare Verner had told her he loved her.

At first it had seemed so utterly impossible—Dare Verner, the elegant, the fashionable, the patrician scion of an aristocratic, impoverished family, the pet and darling of the ladies, for all the depleted condition of the family exchequer—that this god among all his fellows, so handsome, so winsome, so debonair, so chivalrous, should come to worship at her shrine—hers, and she an obscure assistant in the general house-work at the house where Dare Verner, and a half-dozen other gentlemen, and as many more ladies and children, were lodging.

It had seemed ridiculously impossible; and when, only an hour before this blissful hour under the trees, Kate had heard Mr. Verner tell her how lovely she was, how far above her position she was, how fitted to grace any position in society, by right of her glowing beauty, her sweet modesty, her native grace, refinement, and intelligence, there had come a swift ecstasy of happiness to her, as he looked in her eyes with such tender passion and ardent admiration.

She had listened at first a trifle haughtily, thinking it presumptuous in him; then, when there was no mistaking the earnestness of what he was saying, she had been confused, and a little afraid, and then very honestly happy.

"It is so unaccountable," she said, gravely, lifting her sweet, shy eyes to his. "I cannot understand how you pass by all those grand ladies, who are your social equals, to—to speak so to me."

Verner selected a particularly luscious crimson berry before he answered:

"Just as I pass by all these other fair fruits and take this—the sweetest of them all, my darling!"

He touched her crimson-stained hand with his own white fingers, on one of which was a cameo ring.

"And now, Katie—I don't like 'Katharine'—now, my Katie, if you love me, I want you to——"

He leaned suddenly forward and kissed her, finishing the sentence most literally on her quivering lips—lips that received, but did not respond to, the caress, although her whole face flushed and lightened at his sweet tryanny.

"My own little girl! How I wish I could spend all this long, fair summer day with you, instead of knowing you will be busy and tired, while I shall be drafted into service equally uncongenial! But promise me this, dear—you will think of me all the time, and to-night, as near half-past nine as possible steal out and meet me at the carriage entrance, and we will have a walk. Yes?"

And then, audaciously snatching a second kiss—he had so often wanted a kiss from her lips—he sauntered off towards the house, where Miss Thorne was reading a new novel, in a rustic rocking-chair, while Katie took her bowl of strawberries into the kitchen.

Marion looked up haughtily at Verner's smiling salutation, meeting his saucy blue eyes with her flashing dark ones.

"My dear Marion, you look like an animated thunder-cloud. Has anything happened to mar your happiness since I parted from you, an hour ago, to enjoy my after-lunch cigar?"

He seated himself comfortably in another big rustic chair opposite her, throwing his straw hat on the floor, and folding his arms above his head, looking very lazy, very much at ease, and remarkably independent and handsome.

Then, half-smiling, and knowing perfectly well what Miss Thorne's answer would be, he calmly awaited it, watching her twist her silver bangles around her rather thin arm.

"Your cigar! Dare, I have not a remnant of patience left with you—you have not even courage enough to admit the truth. If you have been flirting again with one of Mrs. Barfield's maids do be manly enough to say so, and not try to make me think you have been smoking all by yourself this last hour!"

Miss Thorne's voice never changed from its ordinary, chilling intonation as she delivered her remarks. She was entirely too well drilled in society requirements to permit a hint of temper to be manifest in her voice, no matter how tempestuous the words.

Mr. Verner listened courteously, still half laughing at her.

"Flirting with one of the maids! Why, Marion, my dear, your opinion of me and yourself must have changed materially if you really believe me guilty of such rank injustice to yourself, and such a display of bad taste on my part. Flirting with one of the maids! Really, that's too rich!"

"There's one of them—Kate, I believe—

who certainly is very pretty; that is, to any one who admires that style, which I am sure no gentleman would do, and which I am very sure no engaged gentleman would do!"

Marion was lolly severe now, and Dare thought, as he looked at her cold, fair face, and thin, passionless lips, of another eager, eloquent face, where his words called such hot flushes—of other lips, so exquisite to sight, to touch.

"Yes, you are right, Marion—you are right pretty generally," he drawled out, graciously, indifferently. "A fellow would be a fool to waste his time making love to a kitchen beauty simply because she was a beauty, when he thereby missed his chance of being entertained by—you, for instance."

And so witching was this fellow's manner as he said it, and looked it, that this girl really believed he loved her, and not her fortune.

Her face flushed a trifle as he spoke, and she leaned toward him, appealingly.

"Then promise me, Dare—promise me you will not even look at her again; not because I am jealous of such a common creature as she, but because I want to be sure of the man to whom I am engaged."

He threw her a kiss, and laughed.

"Consider yourself promised, my dearest, although what possible interest I can have in such a 'common creature,' as you truly say she is, I cannot tell. If I have ever spoken to her, it has been merely a pastime—indeed, I doubt whether or not I have ever exchanged five words with her."

And then, just as he and Miss Thorne went down the steps for a leisurely promenade under the shade of the trees, Kate Chester turned staggering away from the vine-screened kitchen window, her face white and drawn with a pain she had never felt before—a pain that comes to a loving, trusting woman, when she learns how false, how base, her lover can be.

Several hours later, while Mr. Dare Verner was waiting impatiently by the carriage entrance—waiting and wondering why Katie did not come to the tryst to which she had agreed so shyly—Kate was sitting in her little bed-room under the eaves, her bright golden head bowed in the starlight, her face pale and piteously calm, her tearless eyes full of unrestful shadows, as she realized how ruinous had been her very first venture on the sea of love.

And at the same time, downstairs in the guests' parlor, there was a flutter of delightful excitement over the unexpected arrival of Mr. Beaufort, another wealthy member of the Thorne family—a distant cousin of Marion's, of whom she never tired talking—whose appearance, possessions, and manner had been discussed among the little circle at Barfield House until the sudden advent of the original genius, on his way to the Lake District, where he was to join the Moretons.

"You can never tell how glad I am you took us in your way, Horace," Marion said, almost enthusiastically, an hour or so later, when—Dare Verner having returned, half vexed, quite disappointed—the entire party were gathered on the piazza.

Mr. Horace Beaufort laughed at his cousin's unusual demonstration.

"Don't flatter yourself, Marion, that you are the only attraction; although I admit you are a very delightful one. I am on a mission—a mission as romantic as was ever undertaken by knight of old. I am trying to find the heiress to the immense estates of the Moretons. Since old Jasper Moreton died, a few months ago, his widow, who is childless, had determined to adopt her husband's sister's child, between whose parents, while they were living, and old Mr. Moreton, while he was living, was a deadly estrangement. But old Mrs. Moreton is big souled and generous-hearted. She is lonely, and often ill, and she wants to find Kate Chester—that's her name."

Dare gave a little exclamation, that was echoed by Mrs. Barfield incredulously.

"Kate Chester? There's a Kate Chester living with me—a sweet, pretty, well-bred, intelligent girl; and if I've said it once, I've said it a dozen times, that she never was cut out for anything but a lady. I do wonder if it can be the same one you are looking for?"

Marion Thorne's eyes were fixed on Dare's face. This Kate, who had charmed without her money, as she very well knew despite her lord and master's asseverations to the contrary, would doubtless prove a formidable rival now, when so richly dowered, when so far beyond herself in the golden scale.

"Why, it is quite a romance! Do go and find her, dear Mrs. Barfield, and let us see if she be the one. How can you tell, Horace? Dare, please describe the interesting young lady. You are acquainted with her better than any of us."

If Marion meant her shaft to be sarcasm-tipped, she certainly failed, as Mr. Verner had accompanied Mrs. Barfield on her search for Kate; for in that one second he had grasped the situation, and fully made up his mind that he would marry the heiress, and Marion might care or not, as she pleased.

While Miss Thorne, annoyed and vexed by her lover's evident interest, made up her mind that since Mr. Dare Verner was so easily infatuated with a pretty face without the fortune, there was not much use in her trying to keep him at her side, when to that fascinating face was added such fairy gifts as fortune and social position; and that she would not be humiliated by being jilted, but would give Dare Verner his conge, and deliberately set to work to marry her cousin, Horace Beaufort, and thereby unite the two fortunes.

It was a curious condition of affairs, which Fate was ordering to suit herself, and in whose hands Kate Chester was the instrument for the straightening of all the tangled threads.

Dare Verner met her in the hall. He had just seen Mrs. Barfield going up the stairs after her by the other flight.

"Katie, I want you. Come here, Kate, dear——"

Then he stopped before her angry white face and haughty eyes.

"Miss Chester, if you please, sir, for all I am nothing but a 'common creature,' a 'servant in Mrs. Barfield's kitchen,' with whom to exchange 'a word,' whether 'five or fifty,' is simply a 'pastime.' Remember to lower your voice the next time you discuss your affairs with the 'lady' to whom you are engaged."

He understood it all now; saw at a glance why she had failed him.

"But listen only a moment, Ka—"

She crested her head proudly, as though she were the "daughter of a hundred earls."

"Not a second—not one word!"

Then she went on, and, a moment later, Mrs. Barfield met her, and brought Horace Beaufort to her in the library.

* * * * * *

It was just a year afterward that the fashionable world was delighted by cards to the wedding of Miss Katherine Moreton and Mr. Horace Beaufort—all but Marion Thorne, who, when she had dismissed her lover in cold hauteur, had found she was fated to fail to win Beaufort—all but Dare Verner, who, despised by one woman, and jilted by another, was about as miserable as any man could be; and yet as justly miserable as such a man ought to be.

THE FEVER TREE.

THE odor of Eucalyptus oil is now as familiar throughout the land as household words. As a febrifuge, and as an alleviator of, if not a cure for, that commonest and most troublesome of all the ills that flesh is heir to a—a cold in the head—many people have come to esteem the pungent fumes. Long as the hygienic qualities of the plant have been known in other climes, the popularity of the Eucalyptus here is of compartively recent growth. It has, however, been of very rapid developement, and as everybody now knows the oil, and has had some experience of its virtues, we have thought that our readers may be interested in learning something about the plant from which the oil is dervied.

The Eucalyptus best known is the "blue-gum"—Eucalyptus globulus—of Australia As a tree it is remarkable for its resistance to draught and for its rapid growth, for which reasons it has been found invaluable in arid Australia, in relieving the dreariness of otherwise treeless landscapes.

Something like one hundred and fifty varieties of the Eucalyptus have been found in its native home, but very many of the distinctions are such as botanists only notice. Besides the "globulus" one of the best known and most useful varieties is the "Eucalyptus resinifera," the juice of which is known as Botany Bay Kino, and is, like Indian Kino, largely used in medicine as an astringent. Taken altogether the family have very remarkable qualities, and have a distinct reputation of their own among trees—for their juices, their timber, their rapid powers of growth, and their faculty for absorbing the water of wet and swampy ground, whereby it is made fit for cultivation.

It is the rapid growth and the reputed property of eliminating malarial conditions where it is planted that have directed the attention of Europeans to it, and have led to extensive planting in France, Algeria, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Corsica, as well as about the European colonies in West and South Africa.

But now as to the antiseptic qualities of the tree itself, as apart from the essential oil distilled from it. As to this there is considerable difference of opinion. We have been told that in the South of France the people eagerly gather up the branches at pruning time to hang up in their bedrooms to keep off fevers; and on the other hand we have seen positive statements by Italian scientists that the reputed virtue of the Eucalyptus grove is all a myth.

Again, in the Campagna Romana, where malaria is notoriously prevalent, the Trappist monks planted a large number of the blue-gum variety, and within seven years found the climate so much improved that they were able to take up permanent residence at the monastery. It was upon this that the Government instituted an official enquiry, which resulted in further extensive experiments elsewhere, until now there are upwards of one hundred thousand Eucalypti flourishing in Italy. But for all that, malaria is still prevalent; though, it is said, in a less degree than formerly.

And here it may be pertinent to enquire—what is malaria? According to Professor Crudeli, a distinguished Italian scientist, who made an exhaustive investigation into the disease, and who published a book on the subject a few years ago, malaria is produced, not in water, but in the soil. We must get rid, he says, of the traditional belief that it is produced by the putrefaction of dead vegetable and animal organisms in stagnant water, or in marshes. In Italy the word malaria seems to be applied to all intermittent fevers, but Italy is peculiarly subject to one particular kind of fever that Crudeli ascribes to malarial ferment in the soil. Water is only a factor in producing malaria by freeing the germs, but water may be a preventive if it thoroughly covers, instead of only moistening, the malarial soil.

It is all due to these wretched microbes who seem to cause all diseases nowadays, and the "bacillus malariæ," according to Professor Crudeli, may flourish in any soil—alluvial, volcanic, or sandy. It dwells, as we are to understand, in nearly all soils, but a minimum temperature of 68 degrees Fahrenheit, a certain amount of moisture, and the action of the atmosphere on the soil, are necessary to its developement. It may be prevented from spreading by interrupting the communication of the soil with the atmosphere, either by covering the ground with water or by grasses. It may also be prevented by withdrawing the moisture from the soil by drainage.

BE WHAT YOU SEEM.—There is a class of men who acquire a good deal of prominence in the community—they are much talked about, and their names are often seen in print—yet, when you get at the real opinion entertained of them by those who know them best, you find they are but little respected. The reason is because they are not really true men. They affect to take a deep interest in reform movements, and to be largely occupied in philanthropic enterprises; but in truth they are hollow-hearted popularity-seekers, caring little for anybody but themselves. Such men cannot be truly happy, for they cannot experience any feeling of satisfaction with themselves. And indeed it is with himself that every man should keep account. He should make it his own study to be true and real and sincere. Even if he could obtain the respect of others without deserving it, he could not obtain his own. Be what you seem is a manly rule of life, worthy of every young man's adoption.

GOOD NATURE.—One cannot imagine any quality of the human mind whence greater advantages can arise to society than good nature, seeing that a man is a social being, not made for solitude, but conversation. Good nature not only lessens the sorrows of life, but increases its comforts. It is more agreeable than beauty, or even wit. It gives a pleasing expression to the countenance, and induces a multitude of the most amiable observations. It is, indeed, the origin of all society. Were it not for good nature, men could not exist together, nor hold intercourse with one another.

People do not discover it until too late, that the so called washing powders not only eat up their clothes, but ruin their skin, and cause rheumatism. Use nothing but Dobbin's Electric Soap. Have your grocer keep it.

At Home and Abroad.

The Czar had a good many unpleasantnesses before his death. Among a number of documents awaiting his signature, which had been placed on his table, he found a sentence of death against the "Emperor of All the Russians," to be carried out in twenty-four hours. It was stamped by "The Society for the Liberation of the Russians," but every endeavour to discover how it had found a place on the Czar's table resulted in failure.

A resident of Mount Airy, who had been annoyed by a number of cats congregating and making his life and the lives of others miserable at night by their uncanny solos, has hit upon a plan to get rid of the felines by the use o' sticky fly paper. He places the fly paper where he expects the unsuspecting disturber of the peace will be most likely to tread on it, and goes to bed. The animal, if it puts all four feet on the paper, goes no farther, as the paper sticks to it and tangles it up, and it remains in that condition until despatched with a ball from a rifle in the hands of the enterprising business man.

An interesting and instructive exhibit in the Cotton States' Exposition at Atlanta, Ga., will be a set of three models, the one to represent a 160-acre farm in the hill lands of the South, which, by bad management, and especially by improper cutting of the forest, has become gullied, furrowed and silted over, such as one can see almost in every State. The next model will show how, with bush dams, with ditching, proper draining, with terracing, with scolding and replanting, the lost ground may be recovered, while the third model, representing the same 160 acres, is to show how, finally, the farm should look ideally, with the fields and meadows and forest growth properly disposed, in good condition, the roads running at proper levels instead of up and down, the fences reduced to the smallest extent practicable.

In 1854 Pat Monogue appeared at the mines at Moore's Flat, Cal., and for three years was a miner, in no respect distinguished from the other miners except that he was more moral and conscientious than most of them. He saved money and went to Paris, to the Seminary of St. Sulpice. He came back a priest, and was assigned to Virginia City, which was then a roaring camp. The principal street was a line of saloons, gambling houses and worse. While he did not make everybody a saint, he showed himself to be a man of heroic and saintly mould, and it would have gone hard with any one who harmed him. Then he was made Bishop of Sacramento, and when he died the other day many a gutter loafer in Virginia City who used to know him shed tears for the first time in years. Few stories would surpass in interest one which might be written with the title "How Pat Monogue Won a Mitre."

Lieutenant A. M. Knight, of the United States Navy, makes a strong plea for the establishment of a messenger pigeon service in connection with the coast defense. In a paper submitted by him to the United States Naval Institute he lays urgent stress upon the fine service performed by the Naval Academy's homing pigeons during the summer cruise of the naval cadets. The total number of flights was 109, while the distance varied from 20 to 200 miles. The first bird liberated flew 62 miles to shore and then 200 miles to Annapolis in the space of seven and a half hours, a rate of more than a mile in two minutes. This was about the speed of the best birds released. During the entire summer only nine birds failed to find their way home. The speed cited by Lieutenant Knight is by no means exceptional; it is, in fact, a great deal below the swiftness which might reasonably be expected from a regular system of naval pigeon breeding. The pigeons would be a valuable means of communication in an emergency between vessels operating near the coast and the neighboring forts or ports.

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Our Young Folks.

ELSIE AND THE FAIRIES.

BY S. U. W.

"THERE is another blot! Oh dear!" said Elsie. "I am afraid I shall be told to write it out all over again. Oh! oh! and there goes my pen quite crooked—just as if somebody poked my elbow. I wonder why one can't write straight, and why one makes so many blots?"

The twilight in the schoolroom was turning low, and no one had come to light the lamps. Elsie had to finish her copy and to make herself tidy before tea-time. She had been reading a book of fairy tales instead of finishing the copy by daylight, and now it was nearly dark. Her dress was torn, her fingers inky; and how she was ever to be tidy in time for tea in the drawing room she did not know.

"Just then Martha, the children's maid, came to the door.

"Where are you, Miss Elsie? I have been looking for you. Oh! my dear, what a sight! Come with me, and I will get you ready."

Martha was like a good fairy. She dressed Elsie, and sent her downstairs looking quite pretty, and bright, and neat. And it was very hard to dress Elsie, because scarcely anything belonging to her could be found; everything was left about topsy-turvy.

However, Elsie found herself dressed by the maid, Martha, whom she often called "the good fairy." It was very kind hearted of Elsie to find such a pretty name for poor Martha with the cap and apron; and it shows that Elsie was sweet and lovable, in spite of all her faults. Well, the worst fault had got so bad lately that she had been told to write out "Slovenly ways cause unhappy days" several times before tea.

"Now, my dear," said the maid, "don't touch anything, and don't put your hands near your face or your hair."

"Thank you," said Elsie, who was "as neat as pins" from the top of her fair hair down to the buckle of her little black shoe. "I must sit in the schoolroom and wait for Miss Brown," she said; which meant in Elsie's language that Miss Brown had told her so, very decidedly.

Into the schoolroom Elsie went, but she could not find her copy-book. The fire was red and low, and she was not allowed to touch the poker.

"I wonder who took my copy-book?" she said. "It was there on my desk when I went upstairs."

She could not find it, so she sat down to wait, and began thinking about the fairies, and wishing Miss Brown would come, and wondering would there be cake for tea.

What was that? A little squeak in the cupboard. Elsie went on tip-toe to the high cupboard in the corner, near the fireplace. The big ink-jar, and the slates, and the new writing books were kept in that cupboard, and she was certain that she heard something squeaking inside.

She felt a great longing to open the cupboard door, but, like poking the fire, that was not allowed; so she sat down in her place again, and began to wonder, rather nervously, if there could possibly be schoolroom fairies, and if they lived in the cupboard.

Martha came in and lighted the lamp. Martha had put on a white dress, and her apron had a gold pattern all over it, and was as thin as a cobweb. Her cap was like a big white flower turned upside down.

"How nice you look, Martha!" said Elsie, running to her in great delight.

"You see, Miss Elsie, I am the good fairy!"

"Does Miss Brown know?" said Elsie.

"No one knows but you," said Martha. "You found it out by yourself, so I don't mind letting you see me with my white dress and my flower cap, and my apron—Did you see my apron? It is woven of cobwebs and sunshine. Well, don't stare at me like that, my dear."

"I can't help it," said Elsie. "I never saw a fairy before.

"Oh! there are lots more in the cupboard," said Martha: "little ones."

"Are they good fairies, too?"

Martha shook her head.

"Bad fairies?" Elsie asked.

"Not very bad, Miss Elsie, but full of pranks and tricks. You should open the cupboard door and look in."

"No, no! I shouldn't," said Elsie, with a shake of her fair hair. "Miss Brown says we are not to open the cupboard without leave."

"Well, sit there, Miss Elsie," said Martha; "and perhaps some of them will come out."

So when Martha was gone Elsie sat watching the cupboard, and very, very soon she heard more squeaking inside, and the lock clicked, and the door opened about three inches, and a little goblin with a pointed red cap came out on the floor.

Elsie jumped up on a bench.

The little elf laughed. "Don't be frightened. If you come down on the floor again, we shall give you back your copy-book; and if you don't, we shall blot it all over, and then shut it up."

"Oh! don't, please don't. I want it back," said Elsie, jumping down.

Then a great number of little goblins came out of the schoolroom cupboard. They had bottles of ink, and pens, and a slate and pencil, and a book, and they told Elsie she had a great deal to learn before she could get her copy-book back again.

They all had round plum pudding faces, merry twinkling little eyes, and pointed red hats; and they began to say such queer things to her that she became interested and more and more surprised every moment, and quite forgot to be afraid.

"We are quite harmless," said one with a bottle of ink, who was perched on the copy-book. "I only made you make the blots."

"Quite harmless," said another, with a crooked pen. "I only made you write crooked."

"We have a perfect talent for upsetting ink-bottles," said another; "but just watch me fly over your head with this bottle, and not spill a drop."

But when they opened the copy-book Elsie saw with surprise that the writing was not hers. There were blots, and the writing was round-hand, but there the resemblance ended: why, there were only three lines going across two pages!

"You see," said a goblin with a big pen, "we have been trying to improve our hand-writing. This is my copy. Is not it nice—particularly the blots? We all had a turn, so you will find your book nicely filled up to the last page with things that it is very useful for you to know, and wherever you open you will find five blots and a 'smudge' just like yours."

"Whatever will Miss Brown say?" said Elsie, in great distress. "You naughty fairies, you should not have written in my book!"

"Oh! but it is not all the same," said the fairies. "You might have been vexed if we wrote 'Slovenly ways' all through it; but we have made a variety. See"—and he turned to the next two pages—"'There is no help for spilt ink but to call the cat.'"

"You mean spilt milk," said Elsie.

"No; I mean ink," said the goblin. "Now you shall learn some more." He turned another leaf. "One swallow does not make a dinner."

"Oh! no, no!" cried Elsie. "You mean, 'One swallow does not make a summer.'"

"Perhaps you swallow your dinner all at once," said the elves: "but we don't. Well, here is another"—turning a page—"'Little blots make beautiful spots.'" Another page. "'When your neighbor's ink-bottle turns over, take care of your own'—your own property, of course:—you can't deny the wisdom of that," said the goblin. "'Never do-to-day what you can get anybody else to do for you to-morrow.'"

"That is not what Miss Brown says," Elsie told them; but just then a goblin sitting on the floor began to amuse himself with a slate and pencil.

"I like pencils that squeak," he said. "I make the children's pencils squeak."

And that pencil squeaked so loudly that Elsie awoke. The little bell was ringing for tea, and the lamp was lighted.

"Miss Elsie, wake up!" said Martha at the door. "Why, my dear, you were fast asleep when I brought in the lamp."

"No, Martha; I saw you with your white dress on, and the flower on your head, and all the sunshine threads in your apron."

"What is the child talking about?" said Martha. "Come along, quick! I heard Miss Brown say what you wrote was very nice, only for the blots. She came for it while you were up with me dressing, and you should have gone to the drawing room at once."

"But I have had such a lovely dream, Martha, about schoolroom fairies that live in the cupboard."

"There are mice in that cupboard," said Martha; "I have heard them squeaking."

VERY shortly after the death of his first wife, a Scotch laird made arrangements for a second marriage, and on asking his son, a well known author, to be present on the occasion, the latter replied that "he regretted he was unable to attend, in consequence of the recent death of his mother."

INTOXICATED DUCKS.

TOMMY MAGRUDER whose story of his wonderful hen that hatched hard-boiled eggs has gone the rounds of the newspapers, has a friend named George Lefferts. Lefferts has just been matching Magruder with a marvellous narrative, to which he is willing to make affidavit.

George took a large lot of ducks down to market to sell the other day, and the way he got those ducks is without precedent. He says he drove over to one of the distilleries last week and bought a barrel of applejack, which he placed in his wagon. The rest of the tale sounds better as it fell from his own lips:

"It was late in the afternoon afore I started for home, and it was a powerful cold day," he said.

"I fortified myself pretty well afore startin', and didn't care much for the weather, only that the roads were pretty slippery from Monday's thaw, and the horses had considerable trouble in keepin' their feet. I got up to the forks by Jake Kline's place, where I see that the main road in the low spot by the marsh was just a sheet of solid ice, and I 'lowed that I had better go up the branch and across to Tucker's corner.

"It was just a little more hilly, to be sure, but it was likely to be less iced up on that account. I was passing the corner of my pasture lot when I struck a piece of slanting road that I'd neglected to fix. It was right there where the little spring breaks out of the limestone and runs down into that half-acre pond of mine, where I put the German carp that Frank Ward sent me.

"Just as soon as the wheels struck that ice I see that the wagon had to go, and I jumped for a branch of the big oak and hung to it whilst the wagon slipped away from under me, slid down the bank, and crashed through the fence stop of the low stone row.

"I dropped to my feet in the ditch on the other side of the road and got over in time to grab the horses as the whiffle tree broke and the pole snapped. Then I looked to see what damage was done, and see the applejack barrel hanging empty on a fence stake. There was forty-two gallons of liquor afloat on that little pond. I left the wagon and the empty barrel there and led the team home.

"There was no daylight left when I got the horses into the barn, so I didn't go back to look at the wagon until about 7 o'clock next mornin'. It was kinder misty then, and afore I got within nine rods of the pound I heard a noise. It was the greatest goin' on I ever listened to, and sounded like 40 000 000 ducks all quackin' at once. I kinder slowed up and sneaked along the far side of the road until I come to the fence corner, and then, through the mist, I see the derndest sight mortal man ever gazed at.

"There wa'n't nothin' of the pond to be seen. It was nothing but a mass of ducks, and most of 'em had their feet up. All around the shore was ducks, some with their heads under their wings and others layin' down in the snow. Then there was some, too, that was tryin' to walk around.

"A duck ain't much on the walk anyhow, but it was just comical to see them fellows trying to waddle. I knew what was the matter in a second. All them ducks was jagged on applejack. Some was dead, some dead drunk, and the rest in all stages of what Parson Slocum calls inebriety, when he's speakin' 'bout a neighbor who has money.

"I sat on the wall and laughed for five minutes, and then waded in to gather up the ducks. Not a one of 'em could fly away. I just knifed 'em and hung 'em on the fence to bleed, and it was past noon when I got the job all done. Count 'em? Not much. I don't know for sure even now how many pairs there was, but, besides what I gave away to neighbors, there was three loads for my two-horse wagon. I ate a couple myself, and I tell you that liquor gave 'em a particular flavor.

"Yes, and another thing that's got to be taken into account is that there was not another pond open in the hull county. That one was frozen until the applejack got onto the ice. Now, applejack is powerful stuff, you know, and it didn't take long to melt the ice. Then, I reckon, all the ducks for miles around gathered there. That's my theory about it, but perhaps it was only a kind act of Providence to pay for that loss of liquor. Come, let's go and hunt up the freight office."

Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers is the best, handiest, safest, surest, cleanest, most economical and satisfactory dye ever invented. It is the gentlemen's favorite.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Only one firm in the United States is making slate pencils from native slate.

The leathern apron worn by the blacksmith is mentioned by Pliny as in use in his time.

A mother, aged 93, and a son, aged 66, were both buried on the same day at Rockdale, Ga.

It is lawful for any person to kill a grave robber in China the instant he is caught in the act.

In the sixteenth century the wool of England was superior to that of all other countries.

Farmers say it is to be a great fruit year, because the snows cling to the branches of the trees.

The longest continuous street railway in the United States is the 42-mile strip from Lowell to Haverhill, Mass.

The Rev. Q. A. Henry, pastor of a prominent church in Chicago, is a direct descendant of Patrick Henry.

The ministers of Port Huron, Mich., have signed an agreement that they will no longer bury any one on Sunday.

A conscience-stricken citizen of Lynn, Mass., sent the City Treasurer $2000 to pay the city for taxes wrongfully withheld.

A white-headed vulture, captured in the year 1708 and taken to the aviary at Schoenbrun Castle, lived until 1826—118 years.

Prof. Henry Hazen, of the Weather Bureau of Washington, is planning a balloon which can be equipped for an ascent of ten miles.

William Frohme, Sr., 70 years old, committed suicide at Wheeling by jumping off the Suspension bridge into the Ohio river below.

A Sioux City, I., gambler, Jack Kerry, who ran away from his home in Ireland 14 years ago, has inherited $300,000 by the death of his father.

The country in which the large towns are most nearly equidistant is Holland. They are at an average distance of 20 miles from each other.

Sponges, slates and slate pencils are no longer allowed in the public schools of Cambridge, Mass. Paper, pens and pencils have been substituted.

At the Bordeaux exhibition, which will be opened shortly, will be exhibited the largest bottle ever made. It will be no less than 35 metres, or 115 feet high.

Compressed tea is not by any means a novelty. In Russia hard cakes of it are carried about by travelers, and it is kept in this form in all rural households.

Miss Frances E. Willard's mother said to her when she first began her social reform work: "Be quiet, my dear; we are not born to reign, but to wrestle."

It is said that the danger of insult and abuse from Turkish soldiers is so great that it is unsafe for foreigners to walk the streets of Constantinople after dark.

The largest department store in the world is to be built in New York with Chicago capital. The site alone for this store cost about $7,000,000, and it will occupy parts of three blocks.

A colored church, at Shelbina, Mo., has given notice that any person running horses, drinking liquor or swearing within 100 yards of the church shall be presented to the Grand Jury.

According to the latest reports, there are in the world 140,314 miles of submarine telegraph cable. Of this total the various Governments own 14,480 miles of cable and 21,550 miles of wires. The balance is owned by private companies.

An enthusiastic art student of Washington, D. C., suggests that hypnosis may be an invaluable factor in art. Certain it is that every attitude expressive of the deepest emotions can be induced in the cataleptic state. There is a degree of reasonableness in the suggestion, and another field for the use of hypnotism may have been found.

There is a benevolent society in Russia, called "The Lovers of Zion," the purpose of which is to encourage and assist emigrants from that country to Palestine, and which has already sent more than 30,000 families, who have bought or taken up the idle land in and around Jerusalem, and are cultivating the olive.

Worth had a peculiar way of showing his gratitude to the Empress Eugenie. Every year it was his custom to send her a large bouquet of Parma violets, tied with a mauve ribbon on which his name was embroidered gold. This act was in grateful memory of her patronage at a time when her merest whim could make or ruin a Parisian tradesman.

A curious party was recently given at the Grand Vizier's palace in Constantinople by the Sultan's special wish. The wives and daughters of the foreign diplomatists in Constantinople were invited to meet a large number of Turkish ladies. The only man present was the Grand Vizier. The foreign ladies were in conventional evening dress and danced together, to the delight of the Turkish dames.

WHEN LOVE GOES BY.

BY W. W. LONG.

When love goes by the end is near,
Cry in the dark, he will not hear;
Lift weary eyes to heaven's blue,
Love comes not back to me or you;
There in the dust in silence lie,
Life is but death when love goes by.

Be dumb—lie down and sleep,
'Tis better—do not even weep;
Tears will not bring him back
Across life's barren desert track;
Fold tired hands and silent lie,
All, all is gone, when love goes by.

POPULAR REMEDIES.

Remedies are popular from a variety of causes. Among the humbler classes of society a remedy becomes popular because it is economical, not difficult to procure, and easily applied. Such, for instance, is a cobweb put on a cut finger to stop bleeding. Though a very uncleanly remedy—as the cobweb, generally from some neglected corner, is charged with dirt—it is nevertheless a somewhat effective one.

Blood has a tendency to clot more rapidly if a substance is brought in touch with it presenting a multiplication of points of contact; thus the cobweb checks bleeding from small blood-vessels. The leaf of the matico plant, which is used by dentists to stop bleeding after the extraction of a tooth, is generally supposed to have a similar mechanical action.

In the dark ages, boiling tar was a common remedy to arrest the flow of blood from a bleeding artery; and among some barbarous races this very painful method is still adopted. During the Civil War, old tarred rope carded was used to dress the wounded. In our hospitals a finer picked oakum has been employed, called "tenax" and "marine lint," which is tow impregnated with tar. Tar taken internally, as tar water, was once a popular remedy. Tar water has received some commendation of late as a remedy for bronchial affections.

Herb teas are very popular. A kettle and tea-pot are almost always ready to hand, and the process of preparation is a simple one. Again, medicine appears less objectionable to take when it is made in the form of a beverage and called a tea. Saffron, camomile, and linseed are taken largely in this way, and indiscriminately administered for a great number of complaints, not only in the country, but by the working classes in towns—often when more potent and valuable remedies ought to be administered. Saffron is commonly accounted a sort of specific for measles—for no known reason. Children, therefore, suffering from this fever often receive no other treatment, and sink under it. Camomile has been held by country villagers from time immemorial to be a strong tonic, and the smell from beds of the flower is supposed to be very invigorating for invalids.

Linseed tea is made from the seeds of the common flax plant, and is pronounced to be "very healing." The envelope of the seed yields a mucilaginous substance, which soothes and protects inflamed and irritable parts. Hence the discomforting sensation produced by a sore throat is alleviated by this simple old remedy.

Other teas are made with sage, hyssop and elder-flower. With them aking of elder-flower teas, Hans Andersen introduces to us one of his charming little fairy stories, "A Tale in the Tea-pot." A little boy takes a chill, and after having two tea-cupfuls of elder-flower tea—"which warms one so nicely"—falls into a comfortable slumber while a friendly old man is narrating a story. Taken thus in large quantities, warm drinks doubtless produce an agreeable sense of warmth in the body at an early stage in colds, and increasing the action of the skin, relieve the congestion of internal parts.

Country people are much impressed with the value of the exhalation from hops as a remedy for sleeplessness. A pillow stuffed with hops is often used to induce sleep in the wakeful; but it frequently proves quite ineffective.

The names of certain flowers indicate that they were considered to have a miraculous or magical power. The St. John's wort was supposed to have the power of keeping off evil spirits, of being a marvellous cure for various disorders, and of having great efficacy in maniacal cases. The flowers of the plant when made into a salve were much used in villages in Kent for dressing wounds. The peony is called after Pæon, in Greek mythology the physician of the gods. "In our own days," says Ann Pratt, "anodyne necklaces are worn by children, which are believed to aid dentition and to prevent convulsions; and the beads are turned of the roots of one or other of the common peonies."

The rustic poet, John Clare, refers to superstitious customs connected with the fumitory. And the name of the plant is derived from the Latin word "fumus," (smoke), because, it is said, the smoke of this plant was believed by the ancient exorcists to have the power of expelling evil spirits.

The giant puff-ball, a species of fungus, is edible when cooked; but if eaten raw, sometimes causes poisonous symptoms. Recent experience has shown that it is an excellent styptic for wounds. It has also been used successfully for troublesome bleeding from the nose, small masses of the fungus being inserted into the cavity of the nostril. Its action is mechanical, like the cobweb's.

Fishermen and others living by the sea are often quick to discover and utilize the medicinal properties of plants to be seen every day beside them.

Carrageen or Irish Moss is a seaweed growing plentifully on rocky shores in Northern Europe. After it has been washed in cold water and dried, it can then be boiled, and made to form a pleasant demulcent drink suitable for coughs and colds, like linseed tea. Boiled in milk, it is said to be good for fattening calves; and if milk be employed instead of water, it can be made into a kind of blanc-mange, and flavored with sugar and spices. It has been much recommended for consumption on account of its nutritive properties, but these, it must be observed, have been much exaggerated.

Another common seaweed, the bladder-wrack, has been judged to possess entirely different virtues. An extract made from this weed forms the basis of a popular remedy for obesity; yet a recent observer declares that pigs in Ireland are fattened on it for the market.

Grains of Gold.

It never pays to find fault.

Faith can be seen in the dark.

The cornerstone of sin is unbelief.

Good thoughts are heard in heaven.

Cheek is often mistaken for courage.

No discontented man can ever be rich.

The devil comes to the wedding when people marry for money.

He hath a poor spirit who is not planted above petty wrongs.

Let no one ask for greatness who is not ready to endure great agonies.

Some people will sell their souls very cheap for the prospect of quick payment.

We are not in a condition to enjoy riches until we can be happy without them.

Egotism always looks at his "neighbor" through the wrong end of the telescope.

People who have no charity for the faults of others are generally stone blind to their own.

General, abstract truth is the most precious of all blessings; without it man is blind, it is the eye of reason.

Give some people the power to move mountains, and how quick they would spoil the country for everybody else.

A present good may be reasonably parted with upon a probable expectation of a future good which is more excellent.

Whenever you buy or sell, let or hire, make a definite bargain, and never trust to the flattering lie, "We shan't disagree about trifles."

Femininities.

A mean man cannot be happy.

The most fashionable tea-table covers and cosies are made of washing silk.

After living to be 90 years old, a Chicago woman committed suicide recently.

What is love? It is a feeling that you don't want another fellow following around her.

Various applications of silhouette work are all the rage for decorative purposes.

"There's only one trouble with the meals my cook gets up." "What's that?" "I can't get them down."

Little oak trees, an inch and a half high, are grown by Chinese gardeners. They take root in thimbles.

Feather fans are still used, but the particular fan just now seems to be antique models beautifully painted.

He: "You saw some old ruins while in England, I presume." She: "Yes, indeed! And one of them wanted to marry me."

After all, the world is made up of two classes. Those who never get what they want and those who always get what they do not want.

Texan marriage notices are quite in the national style of manners—"No cards, no cake, no flowers, no thanks, no regrets, nobody's business."

Be honest with yourself. It is bad enough to deceive an acquaintance; worse to deceive a friend; but it is doubly dangerous to deal falsely with yourself.

At the present moment there appears to be a perfect mania for bags. Bags of all sorts and sizes are being made, and decorated in every possible manner.

Mrs. Tanks: "There, you've got the hiccoughs again." Tanks, sleepily: "That's it. Women are so sharp at finding out a thing. How did you (hic) know it?"

Johnny: "It's just like a woman." Mamma: "What's wrong now?" Johnny: "Well, teacher told me not to speak out loud, and then kept me in for whispering."

Mrs. Paret, the wife of Bishop Paret, of Maryland, is a friend of the birds. She is trying to form a society in Baltimore the members of which will be pledge not to wear any feathers on their hats except ostrich feathers.

Ladies who kiss their pet dogs are warned by no less an authority than Dr. Meguin, of the Paris Academy of Sciences, that the little beasts are one of the great agencies in spreading diseases, especially consumption.

Miss Adele M. Field says mothers in China often turn their girl babies over to hucksters, who hawk them about the streets in a basket, selling them for about the price of a spring chicken. Mothers of infant sons buy these girl babies and rear them as future daughters in law.

The big theatre hat was foreshadowed in the eighteenth century. On a ticket to a performance of Handel's "Messiah," printed in London more than a hundred years ago, this notice was added: "Gentlemen are requested to come without swords and ladies without their hoops."

The earliest public trial of a passenger boat driven by an electric motor, it is claimed, was that conducted by Professor Jacobi, of St. Petersburg, in the year 1838, though for four years previously he had successfully experimented with electric traction in the privacy of his own grounds.

At the age of 61 August H. Merrike, Laporte, Ind., fell in love with a comely young woman of 20. She refused him, but he declared her opposition should be broken down, and for thirty years he has been paying her assiduous court. Finally, he prevailed, and at the age of 91 he has won his bride, who is now 50 years old.

"Here is some angel food I made myself," she said. He paled. "Thank you, my darling," he faltered, and partook. That night the painter dreamed, whereat he rose and in feverish haste painted an art poster, which brought $756. Then he kissed his wife fondly, called her a brave little woman, and wondered what he would do without her.

Mrs. Yates, of New Zealand, the only lady Mayor in the British dominions, is to go on a prolonged lecturing tour at the close of her term of office, a few months hence. She is said to be an excellent platform speaker, and during the last 10 years has taken a prominent part in the agitation that resulted in the recent legislation of woman suffrage in New Zealand.

In Madagascar, where customs are a hundred years behindhand, we read that there is now a rage for snuff. The Queen takes it, the Prince Consort takes it, and even the royal children, as young as eight years old, have it given to them. The betel nut is nowhere in comparison with this old-world luxury, only the snuff is not sniffed; it is "shaken from the box into the hand, and then jerked on to the gums and lower lip." Perhaps the European who introduced the fashion was a practical joker. Snuff can't be nicely taken that way, but niceness has nothing to do with fashion; betel nuts were not nice.

Masculinities.

A divorced woman, residing, of course, near Chicago, recently acted as bridesmaid at the wedding of her former husband.

The conqueror is regarded with awe; the wise man commands our respect; but it is only the benevolent man that wins our affections.

The Trilby fad has now been taken up by the manufacturing jewelers, and Trilby spoons and scarf pins are among the Easter novelties.

"Louise, don't let the men come too near you when you are courting." "Oh, no, mamma; when Charles is here we have a chair between us all the time."

Statistics show that the emigration from Ireland during the past year was less than in any year since the collection of returns was begun, in 1851.

Hyman Jacobson, a Chicago cigar maker committed suicide because his wife was making arrangements to attend a dance to which he was not invited.

Edison has received an epistle from a Western damsel asking him if he could not invent an electrical contrivance that would enable her to see the face of her future husband.

"I suppose you will be out again tonight," remarked Sportington's wife, severely. "I will," he replied with feeling, "unless I manage to hold better hands than I got last night."

A man with an eye for the curious in discoveries has found out that in England Smith is the most frequently found name; in Scotland it is MacDonald, and in Ireland Murphy.

Elihu Burritt, "the learned blacksmith," knew eighteen languages. He was self-taught, generally needing only a dictionary and a grammar to master any language he chose to learn.

Is betting a disease? Not long since a Norwich man on his deathbed made a bet with his nurse that he would live two weeks. He won the bet and lived two days longer to enjoy the victory.

Chinese custom keeps women in the background. You seldom meet the wives of the nobility, and at big dinners Chinese ladies are never invited, and foreigners are not expected to bring their wives.

Æsthetic wife, sobbing: "Dearest, I'll see that your grave is kept green—but not one of those horrid bright greens. A nice olive-gray green, with an old bronze tombstone, will look too awfully lovely for anything."

Since the death of his wife, Allen G. Thurman, affectionately known as "The Old Roman," has become a strict recluse. He reads all night, and spends the day asleep in his library in his house at Columbus, Ohio. He is now 82 years old.

An electrical worker in New York named Smith has earned the nickname "Glue Dollar" from his habit of gluing together all the bills he can save. During the strike he applied hot water to his brick-like package of bills and peeled them off as he needed cash.

The youngest Duke in the world is Leinster, aged six and a half. By the recent death of his beautiful mother the young Duke falls heir to an estate which, while not large now, will become one of the largest in Ireland when he shall have attained his majority.

The Emperor of Russia has four separate services of horses and carriages. Fifty horses comprise each set, and in one the horses are perfectly white, with blue eyes, and anything more magnificent in the way of trappings in their harness can hardly be conceived.

Andrew J. Cobb, of Atlanta, Ga., has in his possession one of the most interesting relics of the Confederacy. It is the pen used to sign the Constitution of the Confederacy. It has never been disturbed since the hand of General Howell Cobb laid it in its case, and the ink used then can be seen now where it has dried upon the pen.

One of the fads of the new Czar of Russia is the study of electricity. He is intensely interested in everything pertaining to electrical science, and reads eagerly descriptions of the latest experiments and applications in that line of endeavor. He is said to have made several ingenious contrivances himself in the simpler lines of electrical manipulation.

A little German principality, Waldeck, has promulgated a unique, and, we imagine, quite effective prohibition law. A decree has been proclaimed that a license to marry will not be granted to any individual who has the habit of getting drunk; and if one who has been a drunkard apply for such license he must produce sufficient proof of reformation to warrant his receiving it.

It is learned that Robert Louis Stevenson has bequeathed one half his estate to a 12 year-old lad of Califor[illegible] who had been for some time the no[illegible]n bad stant companion. Although [illegible] ducated, sent the boy away from him [illegible] before his he recalled him a few [illegible] the novdeath, and the lad was co[illegible] and was elist's bed-side during [illegible] present at his death.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Some of the most stylish and artistic gowns are first seen on the stage; at any rate it is frequently as good a place to see what is new as a milliner's parlor. One writer has denominated the modern London stage as an animated fashion plate, and there seems to be good reason for the title.

One, lately seen, is a very smart gown, into which a variety of fabrics are introduced with excellent effect. To begin with, there is the orthodox full, plain skirt, which is of white glace, striped with black satin. Then there comes a bodice of black satin, covered with closely fitting folds of net, encrusted with shimmering sequins in jet and metallic greens and blues, and having a collar of dark petunia velvet. The elbow-sleeves are entirely composed of billowy puffings of white chiffon, and from the left side of the waist floats a long-ended bow of petunia velvet, while from the right dangles a silver chatelaine. To complete the costume, there is a velvet toque, with two outstanding white wings in front, separated by a cluster of red roses and two high black ostrich tips, more roses resting on the hair at the back.

Another equally attractive costume is fashioned of a very lovely material—white chine silk, brocaded with bouquets of pink roses and striped with pale-blue satin. The skirt opens at the left side over a petticoat of ruby-red velvet, down which pass two lines of passementerie, the same trimming appearing on the lace zouaves of the bodice, which has a full vest of white tulle, and a sash of pale-blue satin ribbon, one end being drawn high up to the right side of the corsage, where it is tied in a smart bow. The sleeves, which are the fullest of the full, are of the velvet, and at each side of the tulle collar is set a little bunch of red geraniums. "Laisge's" picture-hat of white crinoline straw forms the background for some white ostrich tips and a red velvet bow.

A very fetching bodice was in fine jet work, with a yoke of white crystal beads, lined with rose red silk and a band of rose velvet round the neck. Like all the bodices of the present moment, this finished at the waist, which is very much more becoming to the figure than the basques, which were generally loose enough to obscure the pretty lines of the figure. A figure at a recent London entertainment was a tall, handsome woman in a closely fitting black satin skirt, which spread out in many pleats at the hem and was bordered with a band of skunk. Her blouse was striped sky-blue and white silk, and was finished at the waist with a broad band of black satin. A full band of velvet in a rather more decided shade of blue made a very becoming collar, and the toque was in velvet to match, with a garland of pink roses nestled into a creamy froth of soft lace.

An exceedingly seasonable jacket has a removable vest. It is composed of a light tone of gray Venetian cloth, with cuffs and wide rounded revers in reseda velvet. The demi-vest is richly embroidered in heavy tubular and Fedora braids, edged all round with narrow gold cord.

Another late design for three piece costume, consists of coat, skirt and vest; the two first being made of pigeon gray home spun, while the vest is a handsome flowered peau de soie. The tabbed revers are slightly braided and the very full sleeves have a spray of embroidery in place of a cuff.

The skirt of a very novel gown was composed of a deep accordion plaited ruffle of linen, edged with beurre lace, and attached to a very deep yoke of the lace. The full satin bodice had a round yoke and deep corslet of lace, and was adorned with paste buttons. Large puffed sleeves appliques with motifs of lace terminated at the elbows, and the gown was accompanied by a large removable collar of lace.

Another dainty toilette is fashioned in white Swiss embroidery, the sides of the full skirt being striped with beurre lace and white satin ribbon. The draped bodice of embroidery and lace is garnished with white ribbons and the full puffed sleeves terminate at the elbow. This gown is worn over a light blue underdress.

A charming evening gown from Paquin is in a varying deep shade of rose pink silk. The flaring skirt is edged with ribbon and lace, and has the front striped with bands of the same. The bodice is veiled by a shallow yoke and straight epaulettes composed of ribbon and lace, and full tops of this garniture fall over the arm terminating sleeves. The full puffed sleeves of the ribbon at the elbow by fancy cuffs of lace.

Odds and Ends.

NOTES ON NEW NEEDLEWORK.

Some of the prettiest of the new linen embroideries are traced in a design resembling old French brocade. There are pink or blue stripes amongst which twine branching sprays of small flowers. Tea cosseys are now often made of silk, and trimmed with bunches of artificial flowers. A novel feature is that they are cut and shaped to fit the teapot exactly.

An attractive and quite new work consists of ecru net resembling mosquito net, upon which are applique flowers and leaves cut from cretonne. These are effectively arranged, and are intended to be veined and outlined with colored silks and gold thread.

A handsome night dress satchet is braced with a design of conventional flowers and leaves worked with white floss silk, and outlined with dark green, blue, or black. The whole of the background is traced in a series of dots, which, when covered with stitches, produce stars of rosettes. These look best when worked with some pale shade of color.

Useful little dressing capes made of fancy sateen jean, are now sold ready for embroidery. They are finished with a full frill of the material and set well over any figure, slim or stout. The newest toilet tidies are made of perforated cardboard in blue, pink, or green, embossed with gold. They are exact models of Spanish galleons, and are intended to be worked with colored silks.

Fine braid and cord are appearing on linen teacloths and sideboard slips in combination with buttonhole stitch worked with white or colored thread. Part of the background is frequently cut away, so that an effect is produced like that of coarse guipure.

For perambulator covers, cloth is much used, ornamented with scrolls and open-work patterns cut out in a lighter shade of the same color as the background. This applique is intended to be outlined with fine cord, silk, or gold thread.

Dainty nightdress cases are made of pale blue batiste ornamented with small scrolls and sprays of pillow made lace, which is often ecru in color. The edges of the flap are finished with accordion-pleated batiste.

A conventional floral design is often traced at the edge of teacloths and articles. When worked, the linen beyond it is cut away, so that a series of irregular scallops is formed.

Cross-stitch worked on mosquito net with colored silk is just now popular abroad. It can be utilized successfully for chair and table centres.

Narrow crochet insertions made with fine thread are much worked for trimming handkerchief sachets and similar trifles. The cheap white baskets made of thin interwoven laths, like shavings, lend themselves well to decoration with poker work.

Novel sets for the toilet table are made of coarse linen. The design is so arranged that when the linen is cut away at the edges, two sides of the d'oyleys are finished with small scallops, while the remaining two sides are cut out in the large curves produced by the broad leaves of which the design consists.

The great variety to be had in lace braids has tempted ladies to turn them to account for making wide edgings for trimming teacloths, the upper edges of sheets, and for other articles of household linen. The newest designs in canvas slippers represent Cupid, or some similar figure, playing the pipes and surrounded by birds, butterflies and flowers, but there are plenty of less effective patterns to be had by those to whom these are distasteful.

The newest canvas for working cross-stitch upon is Turkey twill and cream color, with a broad band of red and white material exactly like Turkish toweling running down the centre.

Some lovely book covers are not to be had with the minor details only left to be worked. Part of the pattern is followed with scraps of gold lace raised over a padding. Bulgarian embroidery is now placed upon cloth instead of linen. It consists mainly of very short satin stitches carried out with red, and outlined with yellow silk. A tiny Jap dolly serves as the newest homewife. She is mainly dressed in colored ribbons, and is provided with needles, hat pins, safety pins of various sizes, ordinary pins, a button hook, and other necessaries. Some novel cushion covers are worked upon very coarse canvas with ostrich wool. They have an extremely soft, furry surface

The new handles for fixing upon any plate, or dish, make admirable trifles for bazaars when prettily trimmed with ribbons. They may be varied with a twist of gold thread or chenille. Some of the new linen embroidery is so fine as to resemble an etching, but it is carried out mainly with colored threads. A seacape forms the decoration of the corners of a teacloth of this sort and is executed with blue. Dainty little purses are made of two circles of rather elaborate crochet executed with silk, and mounted on a semi-circular clasp with a short chain handle. Very coarse chenille is used on giant canvas for cushion covers, and can be recommended as pleasant work on dull dark days, especially for those whose eyesight does not allow them to execute fine embroidery.

The newest felt work is decorated with flowers raised in very high relief. They are cut out of thin cloth, and the sections are laid one above another to obtain the necessary height. The prettiest shopping bags are made of colored satin ribbon of two shades of one tint, the lining being chosen to harmonize. Dainty and really useful pincushions are covered with chene silk of artistic coloring, and ornamented at each end with a frill of plain silk to correspond.

Cocoanut Cake.—One cup sugar, one cup flour, half teaspoon cream tartar, one-fourth teaspoon soda, one teaspoon boiling water, three eggs; beat the yolks of the eggs, stir in the sugar, then the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, then the flour, with the cream of tartar mixed through it; then the soda dissolved in the boiling water; bake in three or four cakes in a pretty quick oven; make an icing of the whites of two eggs and six heaping teaspoons of powdered sugar, spread the icing on one cake, then a layer of cocoanut, then icing, then another bake, etc. If you use prepared cocoanut you must moisten with milk before using.

Ice Cream Cake.—Take the whites of eight eggs, beat to a stiff froth, two cups sugar, one cup butter, one cup cornstarch, two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Cream the butter and sugar, sift flour, cornstarch and baking powder, add the beaten whites of the eggs last. Bake in jelly tins. For the icing, boils four cups of sugar until it will candy and pour over the beaten whites of four eggs, and add one teaspoonful pulverized citric acid. Stir until cold and spread between layers.

REVEALED BY THE TELEPHONE.

"I heard a strange story to-day," said the doctor to a Detroit Free Press man as they sat in his office late at night.

"You remember," he said, "when Frank Broter was found in the hall of my office with a bullet through his brain and a pistol by his side?"

The reporter nodded in affirmation of his remembrance.

"You know," he continued, "that everybody thought it was suicide, for Frank was then under treatment by me for a nervous affection that made him wild at times. I thought he had taken his own life, as every one else did, and he was buried under that impression. The Coroner's verdict was to the same effect, also. Well, to-day his sister died, and before she crossed the dark river she asked to see me alone, and now I know that we were all mistaken about poor Frank.

"There was another brother, if you remember, named George, and he was the black sheep of the family. A bad one from the beginning, he grew worse when his widowed mother died, and for five years before Frank's death, he and his sister, who worked, as you know, in the central office of the telephone company, supported him. They boarded him in the same house with themselves, and, as far as appearances went, he had quite as much of the world's goods as either of them. He drank and gambled and was in trouble all the time, and often threatened them if they did not give him more money. This they did, but the more received from them the more he asked, and finally he made such a demand upon Frank that he refused to do anything for him except to board and and clothe him. The sister joined with Frank in this resolve, and George threatened to kill them both. No one knew of this except the brothers and sister, for the girl was sensitive and shrank from telling her troubles to her friends.

"On the day of his death Frank came to my office to see me, and there was no one about. I had been called away suddenly, and had taken my assistant and my door boy with me, as I expected to return shortly. I did come back, and when I did I found Frank lying in the hall with the pistol by his side. It was his own pistol, and you know the rest—up to to-day. To-day the sister told me that George had killed Frank. As far as she could determine, George had followed him there and had quarreled with him in the hall. To satisfy himself that George was telling the truth, he had gone to my telephone and called up his sister at the central office. Evidently, the two brothers were near the instrument, for as Frank called she heard the voice of George ordering him away from the 'phone. He refused, and then she heard George curse him and drag him away. She could hear the struggle, as it continued in the hall, and then suddenly came the crack of a pistol, and Frank screamed:—'Oh, George, George brother, you have killed me!' That was all she could remember, except the slamming of a door as George hurried out of the hall, for she fainted. When she was restored to consciousness, the sister asserted itself first, and she felt that before she told her dreadful story she must first know what had happened. She was not a strong girl, and the fainting spell excited little or no alarm, so that no one thought of connecting the fainting with the tragedy. In fact, I had never heard of it until she told me herself. When she learned that Frank had committed suicide and she alone could bear testimony to the contrary, she closed her lips for the sake of her brother, and she has never spoken of it until to-day, and only now because George is dead, and she told me that she owed it to Frank's memory to let some one know he had not taken his own life."

"That's what killed her," I said, horrified at the story.

"I'm sure of it," replied the doctor. "She has gradually declined since Frank's death, and nothing I could do for her appeared to have any effect.

"And yet," he concluded, "if George had been living she would have taken her secret to the grave with her."

HAVE YOU ENEMIES?—Go straight on and don't mind them. If they get in your way, walk round them regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything; he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character is one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks; he is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character who was surrounded by enemies used to remark: "They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves." "Live down prejudice," was the Iron Duke's motto. Let this be your feeling while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk—there will be a re-action if you perform but your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error.

ETHEL (fishing for a compliment): "I wonder what he saw in me to fall in love with?" Clarissa: "That's what everybody says. But men are curious creatures, dear."

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Recent Book Issues.

"Stories For All The Year" is a delightful collection of interesting reading for boys and girls, by Katherine McDowell Rice. Numerous illustrations grace its pages and the type, paper and beautiful binding are well worthy the contents. Published by the F. A. Stokes Company, New York. For sale by John Wanamaker.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Lady readers of the April "Cassell Family Magazine" will be especially interested in a sketch, in the form of a familiar chat, of the gifted and popular London pianist, Miss Fanny Davies, written by Baroness Von Zedlitz, and illustrated with several pictures of the beautiful artiste, and of her pretty home in St. John's Woods. "My Waking Dreams," a new song, is charmingly set to music by F. Peel, Mus. B. The stories and miscellaneous articles in this number give a most interesting variety. Published at New York.

Children will find the usual diversity in April "St. Nicholas." Gustav Kobbe has a breezy illustrated description of a cruise "Along Newfoundland and Labrador." Virginia Woodward Cloud tells a quaint tale of Revolutionary adventure, in "The Black Duck." Among other articles "A Fairy-Tale Without a Moral," by Annie Matheson, is just the kind of a fairy tale that children want to read. The four serials, about the boy who had Aladdin's lamp, the page at Napoleon's court, the young lad among Captain Teach's pirates, and the three girls at college, all have generous instalments. The Century Publishing Co., New York.

The complete novel in the April "Lippincott" is "Alaine of Halfdene," by Anna Robeson Brown. It is a tale of the sea, pirates, rescuers, and Mt. Desert in the days when Washington was President. Other articles worthy of special mention are, "At the Hop-pole Inn," by Mrs. Poultney Bigelow; "Cheap Living in Paris," Alvan F. Sanborn; "Evolution of Table Manners," Lee T. Vance; "Woman's Lot in Persia," and a variety of other interesting sketches, poems, etc. Published in this city.

YOUTH AND MANHOOD.—Dr. Johnson said that a boy at school is the happiest of human beings. The dewy freshness of the morning, the soft fragrance of spring, the tender beauty of budding flowers are the images that naturally belong to youth. All that is fair must fade, in order that it may be renewed in richer loveliness. Persons advanced, or advancing in life, and particularly those whose occupations involve them in the exciting pursuits of power or riches, are apt to look down upon youth as an unprofitable time—as a mere preliminary to real life. They are not aware how much they have need to learn from it, and to sympathize with it. It is very good and advantageous for all to dwell much in the presence of the young. The greatest and best of men have loved to do so.

The strange and unanswerable questions which children are continually asking, inadequate utterances of unutterable thoughts, convict the proudest intellect of its ignorance. Their trustful and affectionate confidences in others rebuke the suspicions of experienced manhood. Their free and full enjoyment of everything beautiful and glorious around them, speak of innocence and happiness and love.

Nor is boyhood an ineloquent teacher. Its generous ardor, its dauntless activity, its fond attachments, its hopefulness and truthfulness, its clear, bright eye, fair cheek, light and joyous frame—how strangely unlike is all this to the wrinkled brow, heavy tread, and deliberate selfishness by which it is too often succeeded; much, very much is to be learned from the young.

It is to be regretted that the recollections of childhood and youth in most persons soon grow dim and perish—obliterated from the heart by the noisy waves of active life. In one sense childhood is never forgotten. Love or ambition may usurp for a time a tyrannic sway over the heart, and seem to blow out all the time before, but the thoughts of home of other days never fails to act like magic on the heart; the faces and haunts familiar to the child remain enshrined in the memory of man, and command for ever an affectionate reverence. Those—

> Happy days, that were so long
> As twenty days are now,

with each morrow as it then seemed, severed from yesterday in the intervening night—never shall their memory be lost or forgotten in our pauses and reflections.

The man matured in years, pressing onward to some mark for money or power cannot fail to note anxiously the progress of each day. He is, as it were, borne along on a downward stream, whose waters flow more and more swiftly as they approach the sea. Meanwhile, the youth is floating hither and thither on a sunlit ocean in the security of an eternal now.

L. G. W.

FROST AND PLANTS.

THE influence of warmth in the atmosphere is important in the development of the organism. It is a remarkable phenomenon that the condition of winter sleep in plants, during which the sap is congealed, is not equivalent to death. One would suppose that the freezing of the sap in plants, must necessarily destroy all its life functions. But, in the first place, congelation and freezing of the juices of living organisms, however subtle the distinction, are not the same.

It is true that plants die under the influence of exceptionally low temperatures, and are said literally to be frozen. But by no means all plants or even dry seeds are exposed to danger from this cause. It is further to be remembered that the operation of cold either affects the plant directly, or influences it indirectly by operating on the soil, thus producing changes in the plant which arrest or destroy its growth. For example, the moisture freezing in the surrounding soil, envelopes the roots in ice. The ice expands, rupturing the vessels of the roots, or tearing the roots from their place, and the plant is destroyed. If a previously moist soil is completely frozen, the rupture of the finer rootlets is an inevitable consequence of the attendant swelling and heaving of the soil.

The direct freezing of plants is due probably to the formation of ice in the cells, and the rupture of the cells by expansion of the ice. But it is easy to observe that, for example, buds with thick sheaths frequently freeze and thaw again, without incurring injury, while delicate leaf-buds are frequently destroyed in a single frosty night. It is unquestionably the sap on which the frost operates. Thick envelopes, and concentration of the sap are the natural means of protection. But in spite of all this, the cause of the death of the plant is attributable not so much to the direct operation of the freezing, but rather to the disturbances in the sap generated by a too sudden subsequent thawing. As is well known, the animal organism is similarly influenced in freezing. The cold causes a contraction of the capillary vessels by which the flow of blood is impeded, and the blood corpuscles themselves undergo a corresponding disorganization.

If this condition has not progressed so far as to involve the death of the whole organism, the circulation of the injured corpuscles through the system will result in the recovery of the frozen part. But if this operation proceeds with too great energy, the blood intermixture will create disturbances attended with fatal effects, similar to what is observed in the too rapid thawing out of frozen plants. Hence it follows that an unintelligent zeal in the resuscitation of frozen persons may result in the sacrifice of life, or, at least, of a limb.

A Chance for Practical Genius.

The Press Claims Company, of Washington, D. C., has adopted a unique method of encouraging American inventors. Every month it makes an award of one hundred dollars in cash to the inventor having the most meritorious invention, who may apply for a patent upon the same through the medium of this great combination of American newspapers effected for the protection of the American people against unscrupulous patent attorneys and claim agents at Washington. Three awards have been made already; one to C. L. Jordan, of Pellahatchie, Miss., one to J. H. Rogers, of Philadelphia, and the third to R. C. DeVault, of Philadelphia, Pa. Mr. DeVault lives at No. 1429 S. Juniper St., in the City of Brotherly Love, and his device which receives the award of merit for the current calender month, is a car fender, simple in construction, practical in operation, and no doubt of great commercial value. The Press Claims Company sends out an interesting little booklet called "Hints to Inventors," which the readers of this paper who are interested in obtaining patents would do well to secure. They can be obtained gratuitously by the readers of this paper who mention that fact, and who enclose a clipping of any advertisement of the Company which may appear therein. Backed up, as its attorneys are, by the influence of nearly two thousand of the most potent papers of the country, the Press Claims Company is now in a position to secure prompt and speedy justice for all classes of claimants against the General Government, and the readers of this paper who have this class of claims to prosecute would do well to communicate with Philip W. Avirett, Managing Attorney of the Company, 618 F Street N. W., Washington, D. C.

ABOUT TOBACCO.—The first account of tobacco was published in 1496, by a Spanish monk, Romanus Pane, who had accompanied Columbus to America; but it does not seem that Europeans smoked it until 1535.

Some seed of the plant was sent from Portugal to Paris by Jean Nicot, then French envoy to Queen Catherine de' Medici in 1559; hence the name Nicotine. Its importation into England is ascribed to Sir Francis Drake, about 1560; and the practice of smoking it to Sir Walter Raleigh, some twenty-fours years later, when it was a luxury that could only be indulged in by the most wealthy. John Aubrey says that it was sold for its weight in silver, and that men preserved their biggest shillings to lay in the scale against the tobacco.

Scientists are much exercised nowadays as to whether smoking is injurious, for, except in rare cases, it cannot be either necessary or beneficial; and even then, it must be indulged in with caution.

Sucking or drinking tobacco were the terms applied to smoking on the first introduction of the plant into England. The native of India to this day says, "Tamaku pita hai (He is drinking tobacco), which forms another link in the chain of argument that the weed came from the East, and not from the West.

The earliest pipes were nothing but long leaves rolled up into the shape of a funnel, still much in use among the natives of Hindustan. Those employed at first by Sir Walter Raleigh and other young men of fashion were exceedingly rude and simple, consisting of half a walnut-shell with a straw inserted. The first clay pipes were made in England about 1586, copied from those used by the natives of Virginia; while to a Hungarian shoemaker, named Kaval Kowates, is accredited the manufacture of the first meerschaum pipe, in 1723, which has been preserved in the Museum at Pesth.

Means of rendering tobacco harmless to the consumer have been given to the world at frequent intervals. As long ago as 1670, glass globules were attached to pipes to intercept the tobacco juice and Nicotine; and in 1689 Jacob Francis Vicarius, an Austrian physician, recommended the insertion of a small piece of sponge in the tube for a like purpose. Vigier recommended citric acid, which, however, has the serious disadvantage of spoiling the taste of the tobacco.

Dr. Gautrelet, of Vichy, asserts that a piece of cotton-wool steeped in a solution (five to ten per cent.) of pyrogallic acid, and inserted in the pipe or holder, will neutralize all possible effects of the Nicotine; while the number of patented pipes designed with a like view increases day by day. And now, on the principle that prevention is better than cure, a smoker comes to the rescue of slaves to the weed. He says that chewing calamus root allays the craving for tobacco; further, that it is a harmless substance and a beneficial tonic. Another ascribes a like virtue to a plentiful consumption of watercress two or three times a day.

Like all innovations, the introduction of tobacco met at first with much opposition, King James I. being one of its principal enemies; and throughout Europe, severe penalties and punishments were inflicted on those who ventured to indulge in the blowing of it; and in 1624, Pope Urban VII. issued a decree of excommunication against any person found taking snuff in church.

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Humorous.

"Ah," said the lady to the tramp,
"You've eaten of my food,
And all I ask is that you may
Be full of gratitude."

His voice showed deep emotion as
He answered with a sigh:
"I can't be full of gratitude,
Because I'm full of pie."

A dead cut—An autopsy.

Maid to order—A waitress.

A man may turn green with envy and yet feel blue about it.

A child, like a letter, often goes astray through being badly directed.

What is that which shows others what it cannot show itself?—A mirror.

"That's my business!" as the butcher said to the dog that was killing his sheep.

There is no reason why the stutterer should not obey the maxim, "Think before you speak."

A paragraph in a Utah newspaper speaks of a man who "narrowly escaped being cartridgized."

The character actor is out of a job. None of the people in the modern plays seem to have any character.

"If ever you have a dispute with any one about money," said a seedy fellow to a rich friend, "just leave it to me."

That was a smart youngster, who, hearing that she was fond of music, exclaimed, "Then why don't you buy me a drum?"

A wag, on being told it was the fashion to dine later and later every day, said, "I suppose it will end at last in not dining till to-morrow."

A member of the House of Representatives, speaking of a fortunate fellow-member, "I'd rather have his luck than a license to steal."

A private in the army recently sent a letter to his sweetheart, closing with, "May Heaven cherish and keep you from yours truly John Smith."

Friend: "What have you done with that terribly fierce dog you paid so much for? The one that would tear any one to bits?" Owner: "He was stolen."

Mrs. Coodle was telling Mary Jane that the potatoes had an onliony smell, when Jane suggested that perhaps they had been cooked in a saucepan with a leak in it.

Mrs. Northside, as her husband comes in: "The baby has been crying for half an hour." Mr. Northside: "Well, give it to her! Give her a whole hour if it satisfy her."

Wife, to unhappy husband: "I would not worry, John; it doesn't do any good to borrow trouble." Husband: "Borrow trouble? Great Cæsar, my dear, I ain't borrowing trouble; I've got it to lend."

Advance agent: "Your theatre seems all right, except for the doors." Manager: "Why, my dear sir, my theatre has more doors than any other house in town." "That's just it. We have trouble enough keeping the audience in."

In a small party, the subject turned on matrimony, a lady said to her sister, "I wonder, my dear, you have never made a match; I think you want the brimstone!" "No," she replied; "not the brimstone; only the spark!"

Hobson: "I gave you money to buy a coat, and here you are drunk." Uncle Ligo: "Well, sah, I argied hit wif mahse'f dis yere way. Ef I buys de coot I'll still hanker fur drink. Ef I gits de drink, I won't keer wedah I has a coat. Contentment am eb'ry'thing, sah."

"Hole on dar!" said a colored man, hailing an acquaintance. "Does yer cross de street every time yer sees me ter keep from payin' dat bill?"

"No, I doesn't."

"What fur, den?"

"Ter keep from bein' axed fur it."

Towne, on the way to the station, having spent the night in Lonelyville: "The ladies down here must be very fond of shopping, look what a lot of 'em are waitin' for the train." Suburbs: "Oh, no; those are only the servant girls that came out yesterday, going back to the city."

To illustrate the fertility of California, the Rev. Dr. Bellows, or somebody else who is not so good an authority, tells the following story: A man stuck a stick into the ground which he had carried a week as a walking-stick, for a support; it sprouted, and in two years he gathered a peck of pears from it.

A person from the country lately accosted Henry Mounier, under the arcades of the Palais Royal, at Paris:

"Excuse me, sir, can you direct me the way to the Prefecture of Police?"

"The nearest way?" said Mounier.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Go into this jeweler's shop; take the article which suits you best, say a bracelet, or a necklace, and put it in your pocket. Then appear as if you were going off without paying for it. In less than ten minutes you will be at the Prefecture of Police, and by the nearest way."

FAMILY COURTESIES.—In the family the law of pleasing ought to extend from the highest to the lowest. You are bound to please your children, and your children are bound to please each other; and you are bound to please your servants, if you expect them to please you. Some men are pleasant in the household and nowhere else. We have known such men. They were good fathers, and kind husbands. If you had seen them in their own home you would have thought they were almost angels; but if you had seen them in the street, or in the counting-house, or anywhere else outside of their own house, you would have thought them almost savage. But the opposite is apt to be the case with others. When among neighbors, or, among strangers, they endeavor to act with propriety; but when they get home, they say to themselves, "I have played a part long enough, and now I am going to be natural." So they sit down, and are ugly, and snappish, and blunt, and disagreeable. They lay aside those little courtesies that make the roughest floor smooth, that make the hardest thing like velvet, and that make life pleasant. They expend, all their politeness in places where it will be profitable—where it will bring silver and gold.

AN old man went into a life insurance office and asked to be insured. The company asked his age. His reply was 94. "Why, my good man, we cannot insure you," said the company. "Why not?" he demanded. "Why, you are 94 years old." "What of that?" the old man cried. "Look at statistics, and they will tell you that fewer men die at 94 than at any other age."

"Hitch Your Wagon to a Star,"

as Emerson said,—that is, don't be content with any bicycle except the best one made—the COLUMBIA. Matchless as these famous bicycles have been in past years, you will rub your eyes when you see the quality and beauty of the 1895 models—$100.

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

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No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

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Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold in Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
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Nov., 29, '88.

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Very respectfully,
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Trains Leave Reading Terminal, Philada.

Buffalo Day Express, Parlor and Dining Car, Buffalo and Chicago Exp. Sleeping Cars, } daily 9.00 a m
Williamsport Express, week-days, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p m.
Lock Haven, Clearfield and Du Bois Express (Sleeper) daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m.

FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.50, 11.35 a m, (12.57, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining Car), 1.30, 3.50, 5.15, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.25, (dining car), p m, 12 10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.50 a m, 12.35, 3.50, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut,) 8 25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 4.00 (two hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 4.30, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays—4.27, 8.05, 8.00 a m, 1.05, 4.15, 5.45, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, daily does not connect for Easton.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, 11.08 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.42 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00 a m, 2.00, (Saturdays only 3.00 p m, 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Returning, leave Atlantic City (de ot) week-days, express, 7.35, 9.00 a m, 4.00, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 8.15 a m, 4.32 p m. Sundays, express, 4.00, 5.15, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

FOR CAPE MAY AND SEA ISLE CITY (via South Jersey Railroad), Express, 8.40 a m, 4.15 p m, Sundays, 9.15 a m, from Chestnut street, and 9.40 a m from South street.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 5.00 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.30 a m, 4.15 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner, Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 20 S. Tenth street, 609 S. Third street, 3962 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

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